



SEX IN ACTION: the magic lens of Yulsman...

DUDE

The magazine devoted to pleasure

JAN.
50c



Editor's Choice: "Gentlemen, Be Sated!"

LEONARD BISHOP

ROBERT BLOCH

JAMES GARRETT

WADE MILLER





Dad thought so back in the 'twenties.
But the modern man has different
tastes and this magazine is grooved
to today's and tomorrow's tastes.
Memo: Pacemakers are never passé.
And Dude readers are Pacemakers!



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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Cantrell

I love Eskimos. Haven't you ever wondered what it might be like to snuggle up in warm, soft fur and make love to an Eskimo? Most people don't have the chance, but I did, thanks to my old buddy, Max Hess, who owns a swanky department store in Allentown, Pennsylvania, which is running a close second to nobody in bargains.

It was not so long ago that I was invited to see a new display of winter sport jackets at the luxurious Hess store with those swinging new chandeliers. Max Hess is a fellow who never does anything halfway. So I wasn't greatly surprised when I was greeted by this Eskimo babe, Jayne Mansfield size, with flowing auburn hair and an Eskimo jacket—and, as far as I could tell, that was all. This jacket was made of American Gray Fox with badger trim (see picture 1) by the Jonas of Alaska people. (At this point I was an American Gray Wolf—next to love, the greatest feeling in the world is security—and boy, am I secure with a lovely chickadee.)

Anyway, this parka sells for \$250, with or without the girl. (Her name, incidentally, is Nickey of the North.) These Eskimo parkas are exactly the same for men as for women. The only difference is that the matching stretch pants are slightly larger for the men and more form fitting for the

women. But that's the way I like it. The parkas are trimmed with badger fur, hair seal and kidskin and, according to Nickey of the North, Eskimo women make them by hand. The gals sit and chew the leather and skin until it's soft, and then sew everything with their own snow-whitened hands.

Nickey of the North led me on to the next row of sport jackets. I spied Max Hess watching me out of the corner of his eye. These jackets were made of a Fiberglas material, which is weatherproof, and they have leather elbows and cuffs (see picture 2). The coat is three quarter length and has toggle fasteners and a soft "curon" matting which gives it extra durability. The Fiberglas lining keeps out the cold and keeps in the warmth.

As Nickey of the North changed into her next sport coat (they're all made for men, but they look so much better on girls), I spotted something fabulous on her feet: she was wearing Mutlocks. Now you ask me, what are Mutlocks? Well, they're authentic Eskimo boots (mukluks—see picture 3), made of fur and sold only at Hess Brothers for a warm \$35.00. Next, we saw the matching sport coats, and the best among them was a Continental carcoat for him and her. In bright yellow and with slash pockets, this shawl collared orlon and poplin coat is as stylish as they come. Nickey of the North looked great in it. (I suspected she wasn't wearing anything underneath, but she made those changes so fast I couldn't tell.)

We also saw his and her jackets in a shorter style, made of two-ply nylon with a drawstring hood. The nicest feature of these coats is that they are

reversible. You can wear the coats on one side and they'll be a beautiful, bright blue color. Then by merely reversing the coat, you have a white garment with a well designed pattern. This is an excellent idea for the fashion conscious traveler and sportsman (see picture 4). Made by the very talented Raco Apparel people in New York, these jackets are sure to be the most unusual and popular sellers this winter. The new nylon, plastic and foam rubber fabrics provide added warmth for all the new style coats. Nickey of the North was pretty warm, too.

She was changing into another coat now. (Damnit, I was sure she wasn't wearing anything under those coats. It must have been her Eskimo blood that kept her warm.)

The next coat, which sold for an inexpensive \$17.98, was something so new it even surprised me: a foam rubber coat. A layer of foam rubber is laminated to the knit fabric, making the coat soft, warm and cuddly (just like Nickey of the North . . . Eskimos are always more cuddly than other women). Anyway this foam rubber coat was light (see picture 5), airtight and equipped with a removable zip-hood. Made in almost any color, this foam rubber coat will be one of Hess Brothers' big style features this year. The designers of Raco Apparel were on the ball.

Nickey of the North had no more coats to show. She suggested that I tell all of you that you can buy these coats or get more information on them by just writing to the affable Max Hess, at Hess Brothers in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Nickey of the North and I were old

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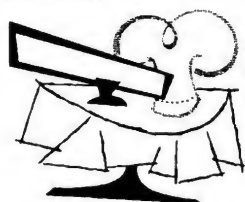
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5



friends by now and I was determined to find out whether she was wearing anything under those sport coats. After all, I told her, a girl from Eskimo country should see the bright lights of the big city. We drove over to New York, Nickey clutching all her sport coats in her arms. She was quite a sight . . . wow!

You might be interested to know that we had a delightful time. But since this is still a fashion column and I've finished with the fashion, I will conclude with: No, she wasn't wearing anything under those sport coats.



**PUB-LICLY
YOURS**
by Phil
Strassberg

We've reached a point in our civilization where saying that something is a cliché has become a cliché in itself. Ergo, the original cliché no longer is anything but a truism. This is not meant to confuse you but I'll illustrate a case in point to prove my point.

Take the expression "hospitality of the Old South." It has become a cliché. If I were to apologize for using it as a cliché in describing one of the finest hostelrys and dining emporiums in the Blue Grass country, that in itself becomes the cliché. Then the trademark of the Campbell House in Lexington, Kentucky—"With All The 'Hospitality of the Old South'" —is nothing but a truism. Get the idea?

Now then, Suh. Let's get on to the reasons why that old Southern hospitality dominates Campbell House's operation.

Decorwise, it was constructed in typical Southern style; plantation style reminiscent of the splendor of the Old Manses of a century—and more—ago. That is the way it appears as you drive into the winding driveway with the abundant verdancy surrounding you, Suh. However, the old must give way to the new (to use a cliché) and the interior is as modern as today (another cliché).

Campbell House was built in November, 1951, and recently remodeled. Many beat a path down Harrodsburg Road on U.S. 68 South, about ¼ mile outside of Lexington, to enjoy this vacation paradise. But many just stop by for dinner, the menu rating with the best in the nation.

Please forgive the management for naming its dining areas the Winners Circle and Tack Room. It has nothing to do with that six-letter word I've kicked around in preceding paragraphs. But who can deny, Suh, that it's unreasonable. Kentucky is known for its horseflesh and—like its belles, balls and bourbon—is something Blue Grass citizens may speak of with deserved pride.

If you happen to be guesting at the hotel—which accommodates a maximum of 250—you'll naturally flip for the Campbell House Country Breakfast (\$2.50) featuring a choice of juice or cereal, country ham with pan gravy, two eggs or fried apples, toast or sweet roll and coffee, tea or milk. Sounds plain but it's the great Southland taste all the way.

The house specialties include Campbell House steak (\$4.25), prime ribs of beef (\$4.20), that old reliable Southern fried chicken (\$2.50) and French pastry. These prices are quite reasonable as are such chef specialties as shrimp de Jonge, escargots a la Bourguignone, rainbow brook trout a la Chambord, breast of capon Campbell style and kernels of Kentucky spring lamb.

Of course, Suh, some of the steak dishes range much higher in price, but permit me to remind you of something Byron wrote: "That happiness for man—the hungry sinner! —Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner." (Incidentally, THAT truism is on Campbell House's menu.)

Before I leave the land of enchantment and Southern hospitality to head back North, won't you join me in another house specialty: a Kentucky mint julep?

His competitors are always happy when Al Cooper closes down his Herald Square Restaurant in New York City for a short vacation each summer. But their grins turn to chagrin when the W. 38th St. food foundry, which has panned gold for the intrepid restaurantgoer, reopens.

On the surface, it seems rather amazing that this Garment Center-ed gallery for gastronomes does so well in luring other than the midtown cloak, suit and fur crowd.

On any given night, stars of stage, screen and the coaxial cables will probably be found mingling with the lifted-pinky-and-lorgnette set heading

(turn to page 54)



IN YOUR HAT

Blame it on increasing innocuous desuetude if you will, but your aging boy editor has found a new kick. Almost forgotten in today's jet age is the joy of flying a small plane. I've rediscovered that pleasure by learning to fly a light Piper Cruiser. Like wow!

If you're anywhere near an airport or airstrip, take a few hours of instruction. I guarantee the first time you go into a bank on your own you'll become *l'homme engagé*. The loot won't kill you; it runs between ten and twelve dollars an hour, and outside of the more obvious ways of spending money I can't think of anything you'll get more of a belt out of. (Never end a sentence with a preposition except when you feel like it.)

To more serious pursuits. Glenn Canary, a writer I found in the unsolicited manuscript file and whose work I was the first editor to print, has come along nicely. His first novel will be out soon. I'll let you know the title as soon as it is decided upon.

Some of the far-out, make-out boys here in the biggest small town in the world are using a device that was new to even these casehardened ears.

Phil Moore, a revered name in the business of jazz, who's been an instrumentalist, a voice coach to top singers and an arranger for the best of them, has come out with a series of records called "For Singers Only." Used legitimately, these kits and Phil's instructions can be of tremendous help to a budding singer who hasn't got the moola for personal lessons.

But the make-out boys have a different use for the kits. Let a gal so much as hum, and they move in for the strike. "I didn't know you sang, my dear." (Much curling of waxed mustachio.) "Why don't you come up to my pad and let's see what we can do with your voice?"

Cheaper than etchings, more legitimate seeming than most approaches, the Phil Moore kit comes in, as they say out west, mighty handy . . .

And speaking of making out, and
(turn to page 54)

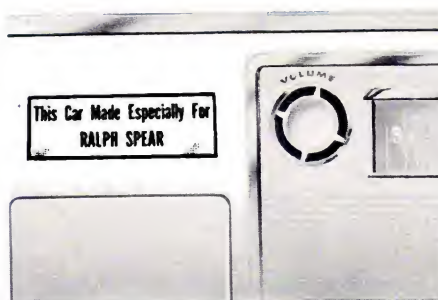


**queen's
corner**



hot ice

Don't depend on fizz water to put life into your refreshments. Now you can cool your summer drinks and warm your frigid guests with ice cubes shaped in your favorite form—only they aren't cubed, they're curved. These novel party primers come in groups of eight to a tray: have an igloo orgy, for only.....\$1.95



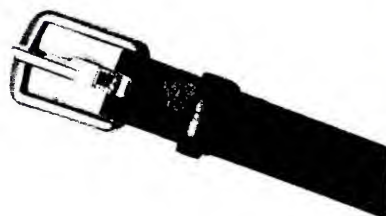
custom car plate

"This car made especially for . . . you!" Here's the ideal way to give a custom touch to your mass-produced automobile. Tell your front seat joy riders that Orville Chevrolet and Wilbur Mercedes were second cousins. This distinctive gold-tone plate, with your own name in large characters, fits anywhere and will not damage finish.....\$1.50



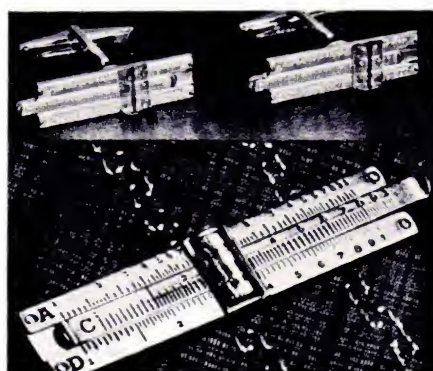
seven sister step-ins

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel case\$6.95



belt key

What did you do the last time you lent her your car key . . . and she didn't return it? Jimmy the door? Monkey with wires? Nevermore! This unusual, genuine top grain leather belt has your own key for its tongue. Just keep your pants on, and you're in. Specify black or brown leather; Chrysler, GM, or Ford key blank. \$4.95



slide rule links or clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp or cuff links. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, either set is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative, useful and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C, and D. Specify gold plate or silver finish. Either item for.....\$6.95



your own make-out music

Status seeks its own level, and you'll be at the top of the podium—with your own name in large letters on a swinging LP album. Tell her to give up her crush on Leonard Bernstein and spend the night listening to your twelve, eye-closing "Swinging Songs for Sweet Lonely Lovers . . ." Please specify name.....\$4.98

The Dude Magazine, 505 Eighth Ave., New York 18, New York

1/61

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ Hot Ice
_____ Belt Key

_____ Custom Car Plate
_____ Slide Rule Cuff Links
_____ Slide Rule Tie Clasp

_____ Seven Sister Step-ins
_____ Your Own Make-Out Music



Dear DUDE:

In the May 1960 issue of your valued publication, *Dude*, on page 51, appears a pictorial essay on paintings by Alan Woods.

As a member of the Denver Posse of The Westerners, an organization devoted to the avocation of Western Americana, I have written the Last Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas regarding larger color reproductions of these interesting subjects of a lighter side of our Old West, and am in receipt of a most polite letter regretting that the former lessee of the bar has decamped and taken the paintings with him as owner. Would it be possible to obtain on loan or purchase from your company the color originals, negatives, transparencies, etc., so that we may prepare full-color copies for the local group?

Dr. A. D. Kleyhauer
Denver, Colorado

Ed. Regretfully, no. It is virtually impossible to make available transparencies used in the magazine.

Dear DUDE:

Short and to the point: May issue *Dude* tops—let's see more paintings by Alan Woods—like "The Day They Framed Al Fresco"!—real enjoyable stuff—waiting for next issue of *Dude*...

Glenn Mueller
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear DUDE:

What possible chance is there that I could buy either from you or Alan Woods a copy of the picture at the bottom of page 51, May issue, in a 5 x 7 or 8 x 10 size?

If there is any way of purchasing one, please let me know.

W. J. Scott
Flushing, L.I.

Ed. Sorry, the originals are collector's items, and copies aren't available.

Dear DUDE:

In my day I have heard rumors of some extraordinarily intriguing compulsions, but this is my first encounter with anybody who felt impelled to compute his companions square footage.

On the subject of area calculation, I have taken occasion to totalize the space given in recent months to this picayunish hair-splitting by Constant Reader over technical errors, and find that it would have been enough to present two 8" x 10" completely untouched glossy prints of Claire Kallen.

Please state, has this Reader slob nothing better to do than look for cleft infinitives?

In the meanwhile, I am accepting the last paragraph of Wilson Cantrell's implied offer to obtain quotes on custom umbrellas. Please obtain estimates for fitting either the sample handles on page 13, December '58 *Gent*, to the bottom just west of page 51, September *Dude*.

"Watchdog of the Press"
Weimaraner, Ill.

Dear DUDE:

Your article about Valda Zarina in the March *Dude* has stirred up quite a disagreement among three friends. In order to restore this friendship, we submit this letter to settle the issue.

Regarding the picture of Grace Kelly, did Valda pose as Grace or is that actually Grace?

We would appreciate any help you might give us in restoring this friendship.

PFCs Harper
Thacker
Booth

Ed. Let there be peace among you. Grace Kelly is happily (one imagines) ensconced in Monaco. The lady in question is Valda Zarina, an excellent mimic, wouldn't you say?

Dear DUDE:

Although some of your recent cartoons are moderately funny, the line drawings are generally so dull they look like left-overs from the *Saturday Evening Post*. Let's have a few more cartoons that look a little more impressive and substantial as well as being funny. You have printed many of that type in the past.

Bill Warren
New York City

Ed. Everyone feel the same?

Dear DUDE:

I have lots of spare time and read ten or more men's magazines every month, and so feel I am qualified to say what is a good magazine. I certainly feel that the July issue of *Dude* is one of the very best magazines I've ever read. Your stories are excellent, especially "Soap," which I thought was great. The article on planes was very informative, also, but what clinched everything was Mario Merode. Her picture on page 51 is out of this world. I have never seen any girl in my whole life whom I find as fascinating and attractive. I know it's useless to ask for her address, but I'm going to do that just in case there's a chance that you may part with it. I would give anything to be able to correspond with her and perhaps have the chance to meet her. If this is out of the question, then please, please tease me some more and have her in a future issue.

In the meantime I'm framing page 51 so I can always have a memory. Her eyes are the deepest and loveliest I ever saw. Her lips the fullest and kissingest. Her hair—oh, fellas, give a lovesick guy a break and send me her address or forward my letter on to her. In the meantime, keep publishing your excellent magazine and I'll keep buying it.

John Marshall
Inglewood, Calif.

Ed. Your first thought was correct. It's useless to ask for addresses. But keep on enjoying.

Dear DUDE:

Spacks (in July *Dude* — "Crazy Girl"): first rate. That something extra added to the best type of humor-plus-pathos. The boy is a stylist, that's it. His inversions are beauts.

Guy Daniels
New York, N.Y.

Dear DUDE:

In reference to July *Dude*, I would appreciate it very much if you would send me any illustrations and information regarding the purchase of the pajamas illustrated in "Pajama Game" by Wilson Cantrell. Incidentally, I enjoy your magazine immensely. Keep up the good work.

A/1c Wilbert J. White
Unalakleet, Alaska

Ed. Reader White's letter has been forwarded to the manufacturer about whom he inquired, as will all requests of this nature.

Dear DUDE:

I have just seen the May copy of your excellent magazine and was particularly impressed by the photograph on the front cover. I think this girl has, to me, the most beautiful face I have ever seen. I cannot find her name or any other photographs of her in the magazine and would like to know if you have any more photographs of her. If so, would it be possible to purchase copies of these and what would it cost? Or, if it is possible, can I have her name and address?

C. A. Lindsay
Edinburgh, Scotland

Ed. With all the beautiful girls on the inside pages of that particular issue, you would pick the one that is merely the figment of an artist's imagination. Try again.

MYRON

humor . . . LEONARD BISHOP



THE SEXNİK

You can't call it seduction if she's willing; but what's it called if she changes her mind—afterward?

Myron Loomis was twenty-three years old and still a writer of no consequence. His only published work was a Mother's Day poem in the Nevada Business Journal, three years ago. But after tonight at the beatnik brawl—courtesy of Gringo Bo—he would be done with obscurity. Two years of psychoanalysis had made him realize that all artistic creativity

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS



surged from sexual sources and resources. Oyez, oyez. Tonight, at Gringo Bo's pad, he would connect with a beatnik chick who was gloriously depraved, and get himself emotionally unblocked and sexually overhauled.

And after purging his emotional system and realigning the elements of his sexual syndromes, his writing talents would burst upon the publishing world like a tidal wave of luminescent paint. Oyez, oyez.

Myron stood in the center of his one-room apartment, pinching his pouty lips and thinking he would have to be careful the moment he entered Gringo Bo's pad. Keep himself alert. He hadn't quite mastered the gibbery argot of Beat. Still; if he was cornered into a panoramic conversation about life and unlife, he could rely on some articulate body shrugs and one-syllable grunts.

He glanced at the alarm clock near his typewriter and muttered, "Soon," and began cracking his knuckles nervously. He knew that beatnik chicks were utterly emancipated, but they were militantly sect-ual. They were wild and lascivious only within their weird tribe. He knew he could bluff himself to the verge of an affair—but what then? Do they have sentiments? Do they believe in kissing? He re-cracked his knuckles and worriedly shuffled to the bureau mirror to stare at himself, to observe whether he had that anglo-oriental beatnik bearing that made the square citizen shy away as if from a sulking degenerate.

He hadn't shaved for four days and the stubble of hair made his lean face look emaciated, his eyes glowing. His long lashes, once described as "... artistically curved and romantically delicate ...", were now frayed and sticky, as if from ferocious conflicts with reality. His shoulders were narrow and slumped. His chest was an inward slope of bone and flesh. His legs were long and spindly in his carefully slopped jeans that kept pinching his crotch and squeezing his nubby buttocks. He kept staring at himself, thinking that he resembled an arthritic scarecrow too fatigued to chase a scroungy pest. "Perfect," he whispered. "Extravagantly perfect!"

He closed his eyes and wanted to sob with happiness. He felt blessed. Psychoanalysis had endowed him with wonderful guilts and humilia-

tions that his passive environment had failed to provoke in him. His family was to blame, of course. Oyez, oyez.

His father was a mild-mannered, likable insurance salesman who didn't need a fix of morphine to tide him over a hectic morning's soliciting. His mother was a chubby housewife who never cheated or came home bagged on booze after a chatty canasta game with her Eastern Star matrons. He had, unfortunately, grown up loving his parents and, unfortunately, been loved right back. After getting his Bachelor of Arts in English Literature he had brooded and depressed himself into believing he was an educated nonentity—a cultured migrant without a cause or a rebellion. His father, with blind and sentimental trust in a new science, willingly paid for his psychoanalysis, which had, almost immediately, made him despise his parents as insecure and repressed squares.

Myron again looked to the alarm clock and again muttered, "Soon," and leaned closer to the mirror and maneuvered his face into the posed sneer of sexual confidence. The top lip hooked down, the bottom lip snarled up, his eyebrows arched arrogantly and his eyes became contemptuously low-lidded, indicating that he could walk away from even the seductive gyrations of Scheherazade—though if his mood was generous he could endow the ancient chick with sexual splendors unknown to even the most liberated courtesan. He let his face seep back into its natural composition and whispered, "I dig you, dad,"—and laughed because he felt so psychologically sturdy.

He hated his mother and father and the lassitudinous life he had once enjoyed in the Bronx. He was now as hating as any hater can get and as sexually distressed as any normal writer should be. Oyez, oyez. And if tonight was his lucky night, he would leave Gringo Bo's pad with stimulating shames and delicious sexual traumas. Oyez. Not even a tepid and nebulous male like himself could remain unaltered after making it with a calculating, uninhibited beatnik chick.

He was startled by the sudden clanging of the alarm clock. While he waited for the ringing to stop, he stretched and tensed his lips in imitation of the marijuana-cigarette-inhale

he had practiced so he could pretend some drags on a roach without being spotted as a square. Or a fink. He squeezed breath through his teeth and whined as though in tortured joy. The alarm clock gradually stopped ringing and he opened his eyes, then winked at his reflection—"You I dig, pops—you I dig the most!" He chuckled contentedly as he left for Gringo Bo's Greenwich Village pad.

Myron hurried up three flights of stairs and then had to stop. The hallway was murky and dense with single odors that had clotted into a sour smell. From the landing above he could hear thumpy beats and sly music that curled to his ears. Trembles of excitement made his skin itch. He raced to the next landing and stopped before Gringo Bo's apartment and sincerely prayed for the swashbuckling daring he would need, then prayed to find an unconnected, amiable chick in the pad. His literary career, his manhood, his very psyche was in the balance.

Recalling that beatniks rarely locked doors, he manipulated his face into his Zen-expression, grimacing as though just slammed by blunt pikes, then opened the door and stepped inside.

The large room seemed to undulate with smoke and smell and sound. Some faces, like gaunt tomb-spooks, turned to him, then wafted away. He heard the soft-shrill notes of a recorder wailing a voodoo melody, and behind a mesh curtain shadows swayed like distorted pendulums. He felt strange, as if in a medieval novel, standing on a treacherous moor. But happiness was a smash in his soul. If he dropped dead right now, he would have lived more than most squares. Glowing spots blipped in his vision. He blinked and squinted, trying to find Gringo Bo among the litter of gauzy shapes. From somewhere he heard a poem recited through a throat that first caterwauled, then tittered, then ululated as if from a haunted cave.

"I am a flower pot. I cannot grow.
I am a cantaloupe, going to seed.

I am a garbage pail in search of a
soul.

I'm just a worm who spews forth
sperm.

The world is an outhouse nobody
flushed.

Oh, you mother-lovin' squares,
I strive to die—to live!"

(turn to page 68)

"JUNG" TARZAN AGES

"THE CHANGE: In *Tarzan the Magnificent*, Tarzan speaks, and quite intelligently. The producer, Sy Weintraub, explained the change: 'When I bought the Tarzan movie rights, I decided that Tarzan's got to be articulate. You can't get by with "Ugh" noises in this atomic age.' "

—from Leonard Lyons' column

For the past few years we have been victims, willing and otherwise, of what is known as the "adult western." The old-fashioned shoot-'em-ups of Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Hop-along Cassidy, Roy Rogers and, lest we forget, the Lone Ranger have been garnished with Freudian introspection and populated with sad, sick psyches, and perhaps the only conflict worth noting is that duel in the syndrome between id, ego and superego.

Now, it is our sad duty to report, that last stronghold of raw emotions —the Jungle—has surrendered to

article . . . BOB ABEL



ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BRANDWEIN

the influx of Freud, Jung and Adler. Our old buddy, Tarzan of the Apes, has gotten the "treatment" circa 1960. Even though he still makes the Tree Scene and goes around bashing in the Bad Guys, he doesn't swing with the same old joie de vivre any more.

In the Old Days, he had a girl, Tarzan did, and they got along okay. (Hardly like some *cowboys* we could mention!) But they never got mushy and that was okay, too. This *new* Tarzan, sporting a fresh haircut and talking it up like a regular English major, seems more concerned with his "adult" sex life (whatever *that* is) than with keeping the Jungle a decent place in which to live. In all candor, he is not *our* cup of coconut milk. He is but a pale cinematic shadow of Mr. Burroughs' Ape Man.

"Foul!" Those are *our* sentiments. "FOUL!" Others may have forgotten and some may get all shook up at the mention of Progress. Not us!

I Accuse!

The popcorn machines have stopped rumbling. The film credits are history. And the scene . . . the scene is a lonely tree, somewhere out there—you know—in the jungle.

It is twilight and we see the dim shapes of the creatures of the jungle passing through the clearing below our tree. The only sounds are the cries and shrieks of birds and the slight rustle of the underbrush as animals retreat into the night. Slowly, nearly imperceptibly at first, a slight, almost hesitant jazz melody is heard among the night sounds. The photography gradually becomes more stark—a pan shot graphically portrays the dark-and-lightness which is the jungle in early evening. All is the texture of dying shadows, fading sunlight, muted forms.

Then, as the camera moves in for a low dolly shot, there is a sudden quickening in the tempo of the score. The now upbeat music becomes more and more pulsating; counterpoint clashes with counterpoint and the driving, flailing score becomes known as "Tarzan's Theme" as—

A great hulking figure enters the scene from out of the darkness of the tree house which is nestled high above the jungle clearing. It is the man known as Tarzan of the Apes. We see him step slowly onto his front porch to survey the darkening vista of a jungle which surrounds him as far

as the camera can see. We see him scratch his chin, deep in thought, and we wonder, as his dark brows knit in pain, as a deep anguish passes over his boldly chiseled features.

"Cheetah," Tarzan says to the night, and from out the tree house comes the faithful chimp to join her master on the front porch. She is sipping on a coconut and Tarzan smiles down at her, for a moment placated by the familiar sight of this chimpanzee he has reared and educated as one of his own. "Cheetah, old friend"—Tarzan puts a fatherly arm around the chimp's bony shoulders as he murmurs this—"Cheetah, what can a man believe in? What does it mean, Cheetah, all this jungle and all this twilight and all this . . .?"

Alas, we can only assume that old Cheetah is not metaphysically inclined this particular evening, for she tosses her coconut away and goes inside to get a refill, leaving Tarzan to ponder, ever ponder.

After a moment's pondering, accented by a return of the nervous "Tarzan's Theme," there is a sudden silence. The King of the Jungle freezes in the midst of deep introspection and watches, with a proprietary intentness, the clearing below him. *He has heard a sound which is not of the jungle!* Is it Man . . . who comes in the night to steal the treasures of the jungle . . . Man, the most dangerous animal of all?

Yes!

The brush parts and into the small clearing steps a slim young girl, clad smartly in an old camouflage net which she has skillfully transformed into a kind of sack dress. As she looks wistfully about the clearing, we hear the gentle strains of "Afternoon of a Faun," and we know that this youthful creature, with her large, haunted eyes, will know both happiness and sorrow in her life.

Somehow, call it woman's intuition if you will, the girl realizes that she is not alone. She first looks about her and then, slowly yet expectantly, turns her gaze skyward. Tarzan's jazzy "Theme" boldly reasserts itself as he gracefully drops off his front porch and alights beside the girl.

She is startled at first, then seems less nervous as Tarzan merely stands in front of her, his great arms folded across his massive chest, a resolute look etched on his strong features. The girl views with obvious wonder

this giant of a man who has dropped out of the sky to stand resolutely in front of her, and she sighs to herself, a deep, female sigh. For another long, sensual moment, she continues her visual feasting and then evidences her satisfaction via a slight twist of her perky bosom. "Me Jane," she says brightly.

"Beg pardon?" Tarzan parries.

"Me Jane!"

"Well, I'm sure you know who you really are," Tarzan of the Apes says, politely but firmly, "but don't you mean to say 'I am Jane'?"

"No, you not Jane," Jane replies cutely, "me Jane!" She demonstrates this fact by giving Tarzan another side view of her winsome profile.

"My dear girl, our lack of communication is purely semantic, but to set the record straight, I am Tarzan and you, Delicious Creature, are Jane."

"I know," agrees Jane.

"We talk too much," Tarzan declares. "Talk is an ineffectual instrument. It is action which is decisive: the only positive gesture. And, at best, whatever we do is just that—a mere gesture. Do I make myself clear?"

"Jane not understand."

Tarzan, by way of explanation, sweeps this gentle creature up in his arms and proceeds up a tree ladder with her. As the sound track becomes positively erotic, the last scene before the dissolve shows Tarzan about to enter the tree house. He pauses for an instant, wanting this moment to be perfect. Tenderness doing battle with lust is the dominant emotion on his face.

Jane, somehow (call it woman's intuition again if you will) sensing the torrent of emotions within this great brooding man, plants a fierce, openmouthed buss on his sensual lips, and Tarzan *is* decisive as he enters the hut with her.

A moment later, Cheetah is seen gracefully flying through the door of the tree shack. Agile animal that she is, the chimpanzee grabs a handy vine and leaves the premises under her own supervision. A quick fadeout shows the chimp settled comfortably in an adjoining tree, sipping on another coconut and watching her old home with equal amounts of hostility and sadness.

It is morning in the jungle. The creatures who inhabit this green



world screech and howl and bellow their welcome to the new day. In the cozy tree house, Jane is still asleep. Sunlight creeps onto her pillow and she awakens, immediately looking with fondness to where Tarzan of the Apes fell asleep beside her just a few breathless hours ago. There is no King of the Jungle there now, just a large dent in the straw mattress. Jane registers dismay, and quickly rises to dress.

As the camera demurely examines the patterns which the brilliant sunlight is making on the thatched walls of the hut, Jane slips into her sack dress and goes outside. Tarzan is there, again staring out at the jungle.

"No, Jane, not really," the giant man slowly replies. "None of us can

really belong to each other. In a meaningless universe, we can only reach out in the dark and hope to touch each other. But last night was not the answer, Jane—last night was not our *raison d'être*. I have failed myself, and I have failed you, another and equally lost soul."

"Jane not lost! Jane find her way here herself!"

"Oh, yes you are, Dear Sweet Creature, you are lost on this cold star as all of us are. All lost and all strangers to each other—and ourselves." The Ape Man looks tearful as he pronounces this elegy on the human race; his face is drawn, haggard, and there is no strength there. His lower lip droops in the best Actor's Studio tradition.

"Jane not understand," his companion says honestly.

"If only," Tarzan cries out as his "Theme" swells to a deafening crescendo, "if only my parents hadn't been ambushed here in the jungle when I was still at such an impressionable age! There I was—eight years old—with a carton of the 'Great Books' as my only legacy. There were just the animals to talk to, Jane, and I couldn't find anyone—anyone at all—to relate to. No one understands me, no one . . ."

"Jane still not understand . . ."

"Yes, Jane, *no one* understands . . ."

THE NICEST WAY POSSIBLE

Hell has a
many-splintered
sting . . .



She thought it was merely the landlady or perhaps Maureen coming home early from shopping. That was why she answered the door in her slip.

A stranger stood there, a man. He said, "How are you getting along, Janice?"

She started to back away warily, but he was prepared. He already held his calling card in his hand and he raised it up before her eyes. Behind the black name was other printing in dark orange color, the symbol. The name didn't matter but she couldn't reject the symbol. She had to let him enter.



He settled himself in the best chair. In order to face him, Janice was driven to sitting on the foot of the bed. "I'm Nicholas Riblow. You may call me Nick."

She didn't like his looks at all. He was not very large, lounging there, and he was grayish and somehow moist-appearing, like the underside of a rock. She didn't like the way his bright eyes licked around the tiny apartment, coming finally to rest on her.

He inspected the sheen of her stockinged knees, tight-clenched, where the slip didn't quite reach, and the pale bareness of her shoulders. She was blonde and pretty, she knew, but she didn't like to be openly inspected. She had forgotten she wasn't wholly dressed.

"May I get you something, Mr. Riblow."

"Nick I told you."

"Nick."

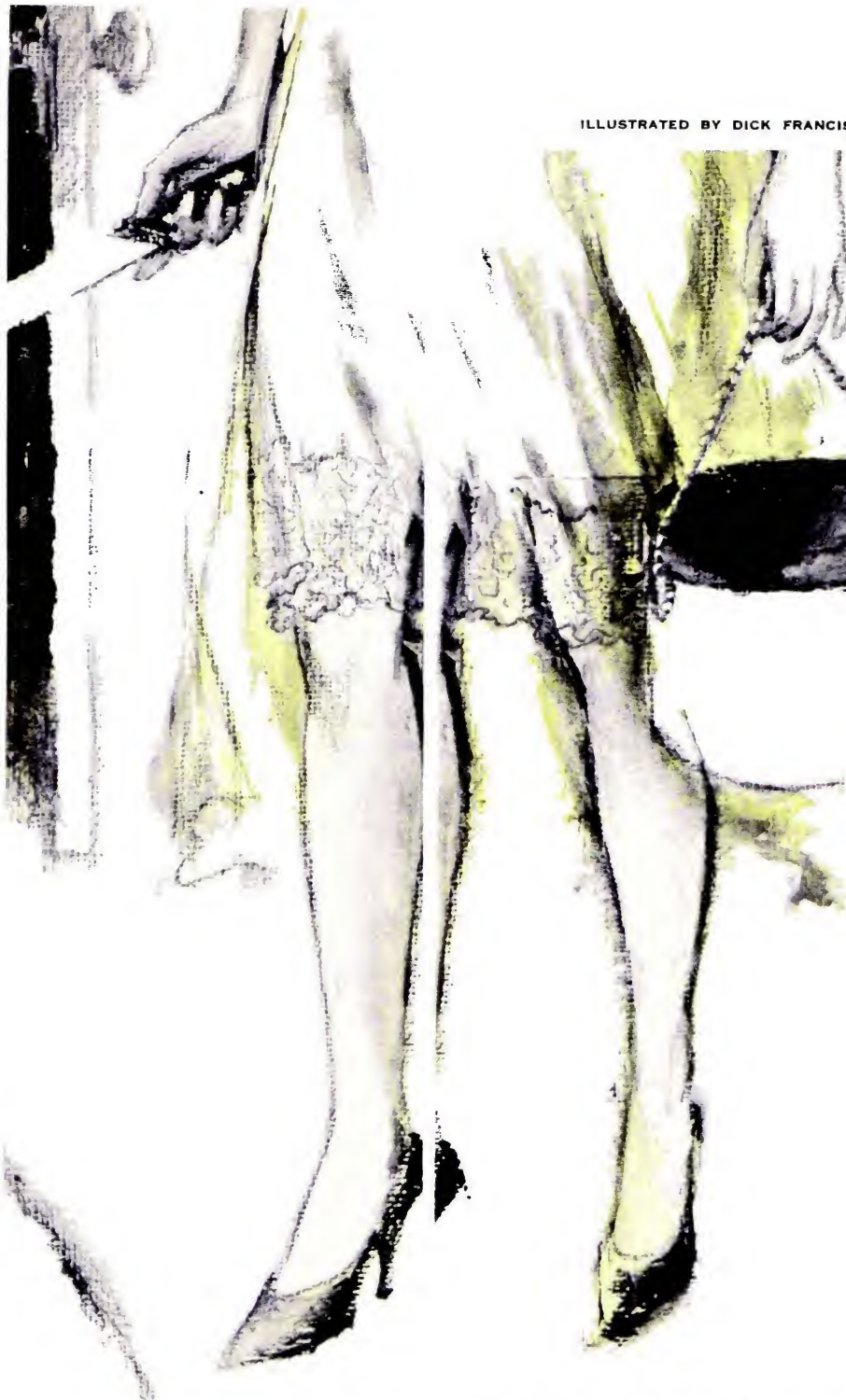


"Much better. Yes, you may cover yourself now, if that's what you mean."

It was exactly what she meant. She went to the overcrowded closet and stood behind the door while she slipped into a modest blue robe and put shoes on her feet. He said, "That's time enough. Resume your former place." Already she hated the faintly hissing quality in his voice.

She sat again on the bed. "What became of Mrs. Carey?"

"No need to worry about that, Janice. It's simply that I've arranged for you no longer to be her client. Now you're my client and I am your patron." He smiled. "Patron. I like to put things in the nicest way possible."



ILLUSTRATED BY DICK FRANCIS

"And I have nothing to say about it?"

"You already know that, don't you? When you joined our coterie, you swore an oath to enter into a new way of life. Well, this is it."

She tried to make a joke of it but her laugh was dry and nervous. "I wish I'd never joined the club."

"Of course not. But what human decisions are ever worthwhile for long? What you must do is consider that today I'm graduating you to a higher degree of indoctrination. Your long initiation is already behind you and I doubt if you'd care to go through that again."

"No." The bed squeaked from her fright at the thought.

"Well, then. You should have known what to expect. Do you have a cigarette?"

"There's some of Maureen's—my roommate's—on the dresser. Help yourself."

"No, you help yourself. I never touch them."

She shook her head. "Not now. I don't care for a cigarette very often. I don't feel like one now."

"I suspect you of trying to test my power, Janice. I like the effect when gray smoke drifts from tiny nostrils. So if I say have a cigarette, you'd better comply." (turn over)

She complied and did her best to keep her hands from trembling as he watched her in that terrible, leisurely way of his. She could scarcely taste the cigarette; the only sensation was the raw coursing of smoke in her throat and nose.

He asked her about Maureen and she explained what a grand person her roommate was.

"Does she know about your affiliation with us?"

"Yes." But Maureen was jolly and generous and could forgive any frailty.

"Though she can't know as much as I. What I have recorded, down to your smallest sin."

"Nobody tells that much, not to a friend."

"You're much too obvious. I shall have to rid you of this Maureen person."

"She's not a person. She's a genuine human being." Janice tensed suddenly. "How do you mean—rid me of her?"

Nick chuckled. "You look as if I planned a murder. You shall simply move out of here, that's all. You shall never see her again . . ."

"I'll see her at the drive-in. We both work the same shift." Her own boldness in talking back terrified her but he chose to overlook it.

Because he was deep in the next stage of his plan. ". . . after I leave you today. I shan't embarrass you by being here when your precious Maureen returns. But you mustn't forget to phone the drive-in and tell your employer that you have resigned. Today."

"But why?"

"Because I say so. Oh, do you want the ostensible reason? Because they serve liquor on the premises. And we do want to keep you away from such evil influences, don't we. At least in the daytime. Nighttimes and in secrecy—that's another matter."

"But the bar and grill are only attached to the drive-in. I don't even work in that part. I'm out on the lot. And the bar doesn't even open until an hour before I get off my shift."

"Nevertheless." Nick seemed to suck heavily on the word.

"But I've got to work! I've got to live!"

"Never raise your voice to me. I prefer soft voices, all soft things. And I've arranged another position for you."

It was in a laundry. She was to be a checker in a laundry, never to meet any attractive people in expensive cars, never to make any friends at all. The screech and roar of the steam machinery would keep her from attaining more than a nodding acquaintance with anyone about her. And the steam itself would penetrate her pores, blanch her to the ultimate of cleanliness, limpen her so that she would come home at night—and she must come home early—as boneless and pliable as wet bread. Nick dwelt on this last factor with a strange satisfaction.

Janice shuddered but could not resist him. His was the power.

"That will dispose of your daylight hours," he said. "It also disposes of all former associations that you might care to resume."

"Maureen is a new friend," she whispered. "I never knew her—before."

"I have my own methods and procedures. Before you joined the club, is that what you mean? I wish you female votaries could learn to say what you mean. You require so much retraining."

"Before I joined the club," she murmured obediently.

"I do love the connotations of the word 'club.'" He had to tell her to put out the cigarette which had almost burned to her fingers. "Do you know what devotion means?"

"Love, I think."

"Well, you came close. But there's another meaning that includes doom and being a victim. One may be devoted to the flames; for example, immolated. And now you are devoted to me."

Dizzied, she tried to think this through.

Nick said, "I have also taken care of your night hours. You already know by what time you must arrive home. Never forget—even I have superior beings to whom I must report certain breaches of faith."

"Home?" A question dully put, yet with tinges of bitterness and curiosity.

"Oh yes. Write down this address." She found a pencil and tore off a strip of newspaper and copied what he said. "That will be home, Janice. A little apartment about this size but furnished more to my taste. It's already rented in your name."

At that moment she felt oddly nameless, no human identity left at

all. Still, she belonged to the club where no member ever complains.

"There will be liquor there for our private hours," he continued. "And incense. You'll soon learn how much I enjoy incense before me. But you'll never know what nights I may appear. Once a week certainly, and probably oftener, but you'll never know. Have you understood all this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nick."

"Nick." She put the address of her future home in the pocket of her robe.

"Very well. You may start packing the instant I leave. I don't care to see your choice of clothes." He got to his feet; in her eyes, he slithered. Some brief dawn of relief must have shown in her face because he smiled.

"One last preference," he said. He went into the bathroom and returned with a dripping washcloth. She recoiled at his touch as his hand cupped the back of her head. He was stronger than he looked; he forced her to submit as he scrubbed all vividness of lipstick from her mouth, and then he scoured away what little make-up she wore on the rest of her face.

"What was that for?" She wasn't protesting any more, merely inquiring. She could feel the drops of water still running down her cheeks, as if she were crying except that she had forgotten how to cry during what Mr. Nicholas Riblow chose to call her "long initiation." She could feel the rivulets of water spilling beneath her robe and between her breasts.

He said, "I must insist upon the lightest possible shade of lip paint." He touched her hair. "And I would like your hair even blonder. Be sure to take care of these details. They will enhance your pallor. I want to think of you, see you, as the negative of a photograph."

He was remaking her in his choice of image. She bowed her head in agreement, and when she looked up again, he was gone. She hadn't heard him leave but then she hadn't been listening.

After a while Janice rose from the foot of the bed and went to the closet. She took down her two shabby suitcases from the shelf. She intended to pack but when she gazed

(turn to page 67)

Beach Ball

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI/GRAPHIC HOUSE



Not every beach ball, as your own experience at the shore would indicate, is completely spherical and made of rubber. San Francisco's North Beach, which, like any thriving community, has its balls and parties and banquets, also has its Charlotta . . . surnamed Ball.

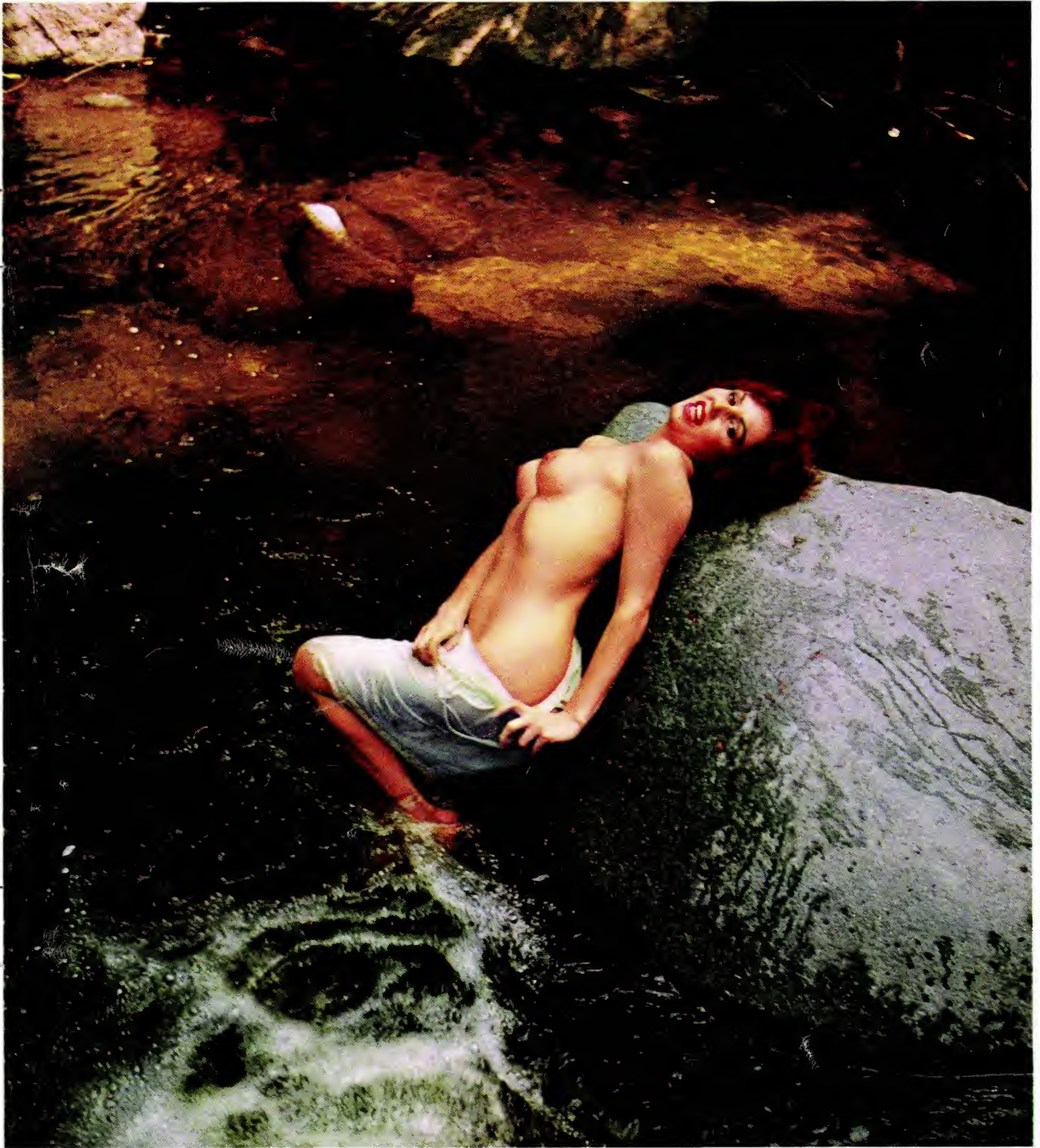
Since she originated in this area, the home of ZEN (west), and the mecca of the great unwashed, you might call Charlotta a "beat" Ball. But she is removed from that extreme a thousand times.



Charlotta is the very antithesis of "beat." She's alive, she's vibrant, she moves, and her senses are too young and alert to have been dulled by the bad poetry and worse habits of the tired generation.

Red-haired and blue-eyed, lithe and perky as a mynah bird, Charlotta moves with the feline grace of a jaguar. But don't expect the inevitable comparisons with the king of sport cars. Charlotta is non-



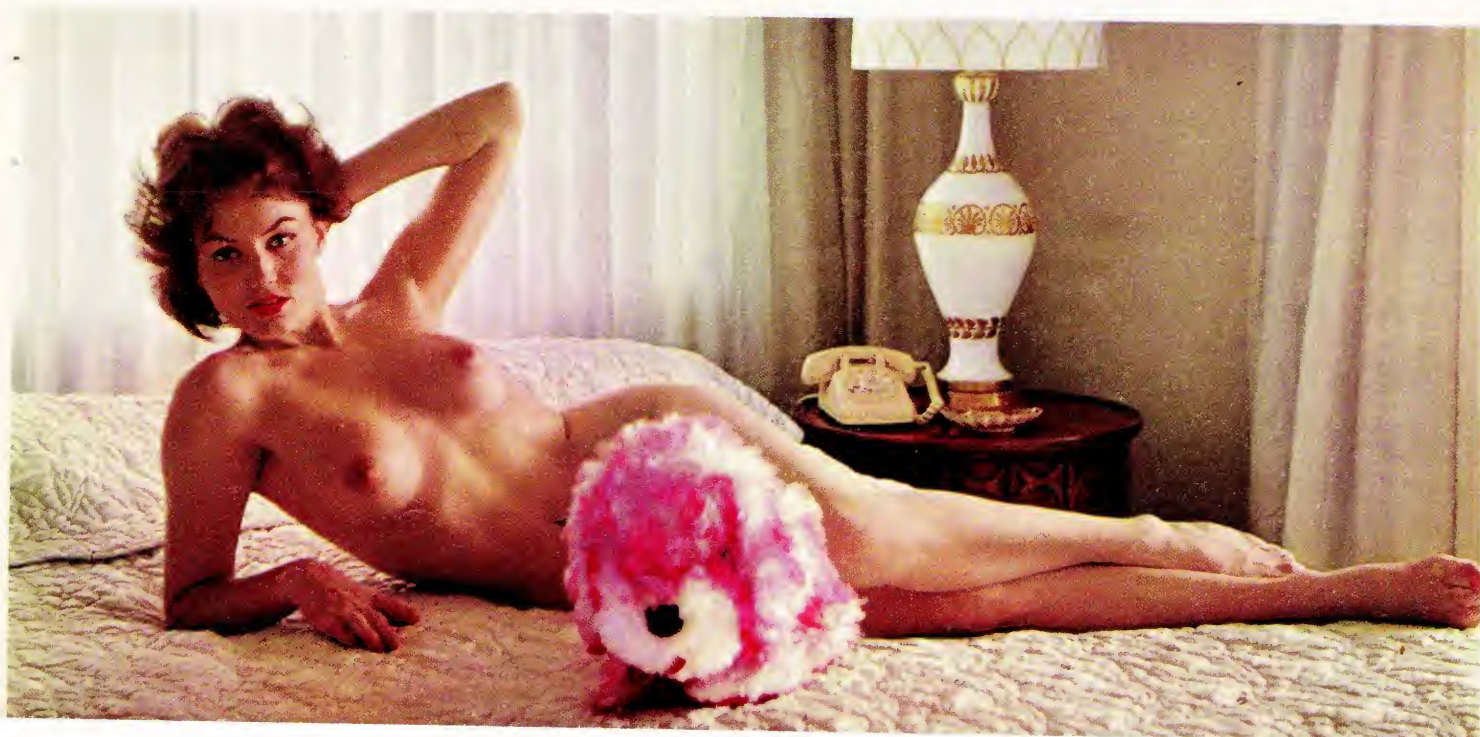




mechanized. She doesn't like gas fumes and boiling radiators, but prefers instead the fresh outdoors, where a good long swim helps strengthen her perky pectorals; or a bouncy canter *a cheval* through the wooded areas north of San Francisco.

The only indoor area Charlotta finds appealing, in fact, is the front part of a theater; the stage, to be precise. Only twenty-one at this writing, she's deep in Ibsen, Strindberg and Stanislavsky, hoping to have a solid foundation for her later flirtations with her favorite deity, Thespis.

She shouldn't find the going too rough.



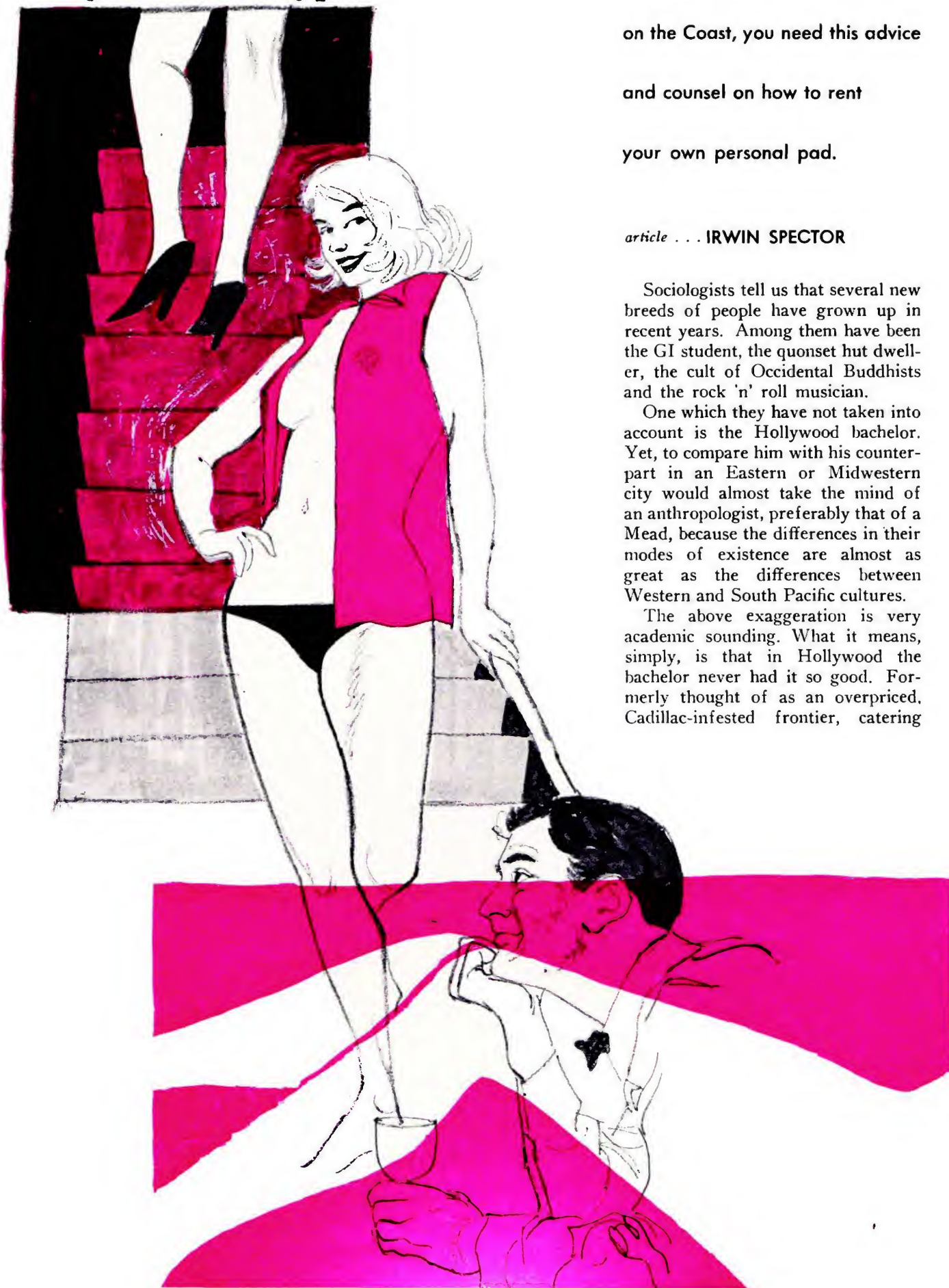


Her prettiness is not picture pretty; it has line and character. Her eyes have long been able to emote with the power of a Lady Macbeth. The training of the tongue will follow as inevitably, in one of her favorite phrases, as the day the night.

The lucky audience that catches Charlotta on her first night is bound to have a Ball!

Hollywood "Playpen"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD GOODMAN



If you're making the scene

on the Coast, you need this advice

and counsel on how to rent

your own personal pad.

article . . . IRWIN SPECTOR

Sociologists tell us that several new breeds of people have grown up in recent years. Among them have been the GI student, the quonset hut dweller, the cult of Occidental Buddhists and the rock 'n' roll musician.

One which they have not taken into account is the Hollywood bachelor. Yet, to compare him with his counterpart in an Eastern or Midwestern city would almost take the mind of an anthropologist, preferably that of a Mead, because the differences in their modes of existence are almost as great as the differences between Western and South Pacific cultures.

The above exaggeration is very academic sounding. What it means, simply, is that in Hollywood the bachelor never had it so good. Formerly thought of as an overpriced, Cadillac-infested frontier, catering

only to the wealthy, though avant-garde, movie colony, it has today become the one place in America where a single man of moderate means can live like a prince—and all without leaving his quarters.

Wages are greater than in most other parts of the country and the opportunity for economic growth is phenomenal. Conversely, expenses are slightly lower.

But the big thing is that this asphalt and stucco conglomeration of architecture has become a sort of Mecca for the unattached of both genders. However, these pilgrims usually settle, instead of coming in for a brief sojourn in worship—hedonistic, that is.

The first dissimilarity between your new and your former mode of existence which you will notice is in the kind of quarters you will occupy. And this, as you will see, facilitates many subsequent changes.

Say, hypothetically, that between you and a roommate, \$150 can be scraped together each month to pay for a furnished apartment. Think what this will get for you in New York, Boston, Chicago or Cleveland: probably a small (though stylish) three-room affair in a brick building about as old as you. The furniture will be built for longevity rather than good looks, the place will probably be several stories up and the neighbors on at least one side will be stodgy. Your entrance will be on a corridor, so that, even though your apartment is private, you are virtually cohabiting with everyone else in the building. Escort a young lady down that corridor and you will doubtless encounter the stodgiest of your inmates, who will forthwith convey the information to an old bat landlady, who, in turn, will come to you with protestations of righteous indignation.

All this would be a great joke in Hollywood.

In the first place, we never have met a Hollywood landlady (or neighbor, either, for that matter) who really gave a damn what form a tenant's love life was taking, except possibly from the angle of jealousy. In the second, the above described quarters could be purchased for about \$85. But we shan't even consider that. Why be a piker, and why live in a situation where there obviously is no opportunity for fun?

Your Hollywood apartment, on the

other hand, will have been built, most likely, within the past decade and, as a result, will have pleasing conveniences, such as sliding glass patio doors and a built-in bar. Because of the very temperate climate (ten months of sunshine), your building will be built around a plaza so that the front door of each apartment opens onto the outside, rendering a thing of the past those queasy few moments between the street entrance and your own door when you are bringing in either bottle or babe.

Most important, though, your building will have a swimming pool. Almost all of the newer buildings do, and at the price we're discussing it's beyond doubt.

This particular type of building, moreover, attracts just the kind of people you would want to surround you—single men in their mid and late twenties and single girls a bit younger.

Men, as a rule, share apartments in pairs, while girls share in threes, as they usually make less money. Still, the balance is often about sixty men to forty women, which gives the femmes a slight advantage. But if you are any kind of operator that shouldn't bother you. Also, you can usually lure in la femme from your office or other places by using the pool as bait.

As for the typical female attitude, suffice it to say that something happens to a girl when she comes to Hollywood, whether she be an aspiring starlet or a store clerk. And if she is a native, something happened when she was thirteen.

Levels of intelligence among the girls run the gamut from subnormal to genius, and the disposition toward social activity (of the intense kind) varies from cold to hot. But generally speaking, there's more poon per square mile in Hollywood than anywhere else, save, perhaps, Paris, and this is taking into account all statements to the contrary voiced by one Opie Dalrymple in Shulman's *Rally Round The Flag, Boys*.

To complete the atmosphere, there is an attitude of friendliness among the tenants of a given building which waxes into conviviality at the slightest provocation. On warm evenings, doors around the plaza are usually kept open, which is an eminent invitation, for anyone who happens by, to a beer and pleasant conversation. Add three or four more and soon

there is a party, which can end in one or more bedrooms.

If you will make a habit of doing some simple but considerate thing, like bringing the booze when you visit the quarters occupied by two or three maidens, you and your roommate soon will be enjoying their reciprocation in the form of cooking your meals or cleaning your pad.

One fellow of our acquaintance boasts that, after living only two weeks in one place, he no longer found it necessary to cook his dinner. On any given night some sweet young thing was willing to prepare it for him. And, at this writing, he is training them to run his linens through the washer and pick up his groceries at the store. Of course, he was lucky enough to move into a building where there are more women than men, but he would still have had a bargain with none of the extras.

In case you have doubts about this easy sociability, take note of a few more facts:

The question most commonly asked of apartment managers is "How many single girls/men live here?" To compound this, landlords often advertise their rentals as "full of young single adults," which is an obvious attempt to bring in more of same. It's like having built-in lonely hearts service with every bed. One landlady, in my own experience, boasted that three marriages had been contracted on her premises within the past six months. Of course, one doesn't like to think about marriage, but one can always hope for (and probably find) a healthy romance—terminable simply by moving to another location.

So far a fairly attractive picture has been painted, but there is a drawback here and there.

First, you have to put up with some fairly strange people. Greenwich Village, San Francisco's North Beach and Los Angeles' Venice Beach all may have their beat elements, but Hollywood has its pre-beats. They are the same pseudo-intellectuals and quasi-artists, only they have been around longer. They were drinking their dollar-a-gallon wine when Kerouac was in high school and long before Herb Caen thought of coining the word *beatnik*. They can be seen nightly, the women, clad in Bikinis, in the Hollywood Ranch Market, and the men, in beach shorts and shades, strolling with esoteric swagger down Sunset

boulevard. They exist on the vague hope of doing something in the movie industry and, as fellow human beings, are all right as long as you don't lend them any money.

Next, you will note a certain lack of culture. People arriving from New York are appalled by the nearly total absence of theater. There are only three houses of any size: The Biltmore, the ABC and the Huntington Hartford. The Pasadena Playhouse is fifteen miles away, and even the Biltmore is in downtown Los Angeles.

There are, however, a lot of little theaters. Houses average around 200 in capacity, the prices usually are very reasonable and they feature a lot of struggling youngsters and some movie and TV regulars who are keeping in shape during their off months. They're about the same as Off-Broadway, with the exception that they originate very little new merchandise. The usual piece is something which already has had some success on or off Broadway. Original plays, even good ones, have a habit of flopping in Hollywood. Angelenos are known as a not original-minded people.

One also finds a dearth of headline night club acts of the kind which draw people to Las Vegas. This seems kind of silly, in light of the fact that most of the circuit people live here. The truth is that there are only about four large night clubs, and all are quite expensive. Even the so-called intimate clubs, which have grown up in the past five years, charge you plenty, especially if they have acts such as Frances Faye, the Kingston Trio, Louis Prima and spouse or others which have proved popular.

But here again, if ye seek ye shall find. There are lots of little clubs featuring relatively unexposed newcomers at low prices and, if you shop around discerningly, you will find some who don't try to insult you with cheap comedy or off-key singing.

The same thing is true of progressive jazz. There is no equivalent of New York's Birdland, Boston's Storyville or San Francisco's Black Hawk. But if you are willing to drive an hour to get there, there's the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, where the Howard Rumsey and Bud Shank groups alternate, or the Drift Inn in Malibu, where Shank holds forth on weekends. Rumsey's group

THE DUDE



"Oh goodness, yes, it's a terribly serious offense to take a minor to a hotel room like this. I'll tell you all the things they can do to you on the way to the furriers."

is in constant flux, but it always contains a couple of the jazz greats at any given time.

If the distances are too great, however, there are hundreds of tiny music rooms within Hollywood, where a lot of original jazz work is being done. Among them are the Sanbah, the Lamp, the Bit of Europe, the Regency, the Sundown, the Haven. All are modest little places, but the music is usually good, and the prices reasonable. Any one of them may have folded or at least changed hands by the time this reaches print, but others will have grown up to take their places and as long as they continue rising and dying there will be enough places to entertain the jazz buff.

All this, however, good or bad, is merely incidental. You remember we said the idea is to live like a prince without leaving your quarters, and this, precisely, is the practice.

The accepted means of entertainment is the party, preferably the party for two, but any number can play. Pick any Saturday night and just about any modern apartment building in the section and you will

find some kind of impromptu conclave taking place. And the nature of the parties is as varied as the personalities present.

If you are game to try the wild sort of affair which rates a write-up in *Confidential*, it's not a difficult thing to meet a member or two of the actors' cliques, which give them, simply by hanging around the right tavern. Or if it's the casual, easy-going kind of shindig you want, you need only open the door and give a holler for a few of the neighbors.

In all, Hollywood is a swinging place for the unattached.

The family people complain about the bad traffic, the dangerous freeways, the stupid populace and the dearth of activity. But no one is telling you to move into the suburbs where these malcontents obviously abound. We're talking about Hollywood itself, the bachelor's town, where there is enough fun to light a fellow's life, so that he spends his idle moments confusedly wondering what brings other men to give up the singular cause and cross the ir-retraceable line into wedlock.

OO

The room was small and intimate. Scarlet-colored drapes shut out the sunlight. A single ceiling light provided illumination. A door at one end of the room was opened, and a tall, slender man with pointed chin whiskers entered.

"Gentlemen, be sated," he said, and smiled indulgently at the laughter he had provoked. "Forgive my little joke." He glanced sharply at the ten men seated uncomfortably on folding chairs and produced an

elegantly engraved card from his pocket. "You are all here because of curiosity about this summons."

Philip Rimbaud touched the counterpart of the card in his breast pocket. He had received it in the mail only the previous day and knew it by heart: "An organization of unique character devoted to those pursuits you have most ardently enjoyed in the past. Your powers for the enjoyment of these delicacies are not what they once were." Then the

tantalizing ending: "This can be remedied." And, at the bottom of the card: "John Brim, Brandon Towers, 1 p.m., Sept. 27th."

Philip noticed that most of the men, like himself, were middle-aged and apparently affluent. They were correctly dressed and each, although somewhat embarrassed at the moment—as though caught at a smoker in a police raid—was apparently worldly and dignified.

"Naturally, I am John Brim," the

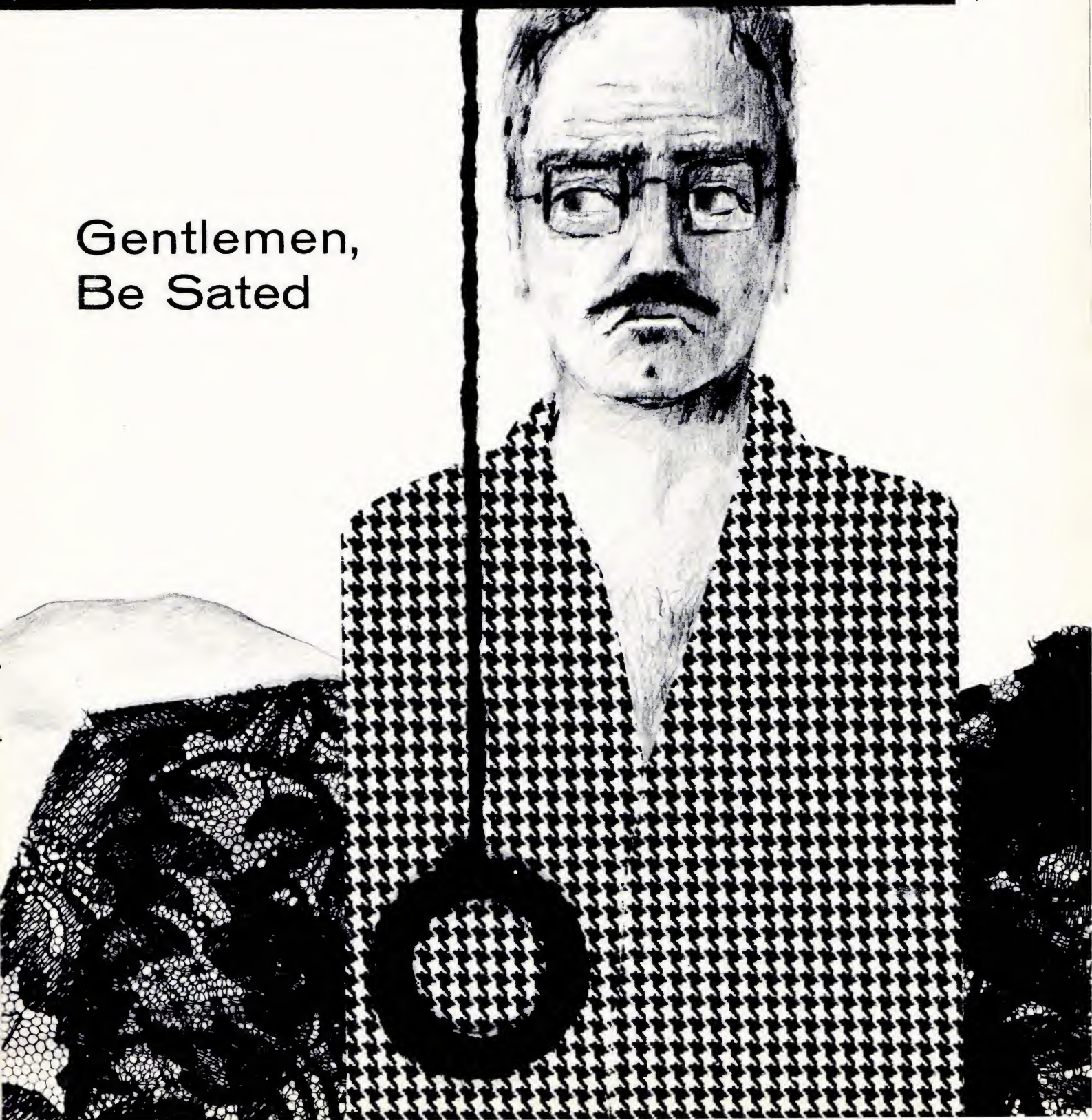
fiction . . . JAMES GARRETT



Sometimes you have the devil's own time proving you're a man.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABRAM RUDISILL

Gentlemen,
Be Sated



tall man continued, "the president, you might say, of this organization." He laughed deprecatively, and Philip felt a touch of annoyance at the fellow's theatrics.

"I sense an atmosphere of urgency," Brim said, glancing directly at Philip, "so I shall get to the point." His voice had become crisp. "You have come to my attention, to put it bluntly, because you are impotent . . ."

There was a murmur of protest, but Brim held up his hand. "Unpleasant but true. Admit it. Remember the last time some lovely young thing, lured to an evening of pleasure in your apartment, walked out laughing." Philip gazed at his feet in shame. He could still visualize Lavinia Jones's face and the scorn that covered it like a curse. "Old man," she had taunted as he lay trembling—and impotent.

"Rejuvenation is the answer," Brim asserted, seizing the opportunity. "Being intelligent men, we all realize that there is no *real* rejuvenation, no Fountain of Youth, that age is always the victor and that there comes a time when a man's body will simply not comply with his desires. But this does not have to be!" His voice crackled with authority and they winced at its ferocity, its male arrogance. For some reason, Philip was heartened.

"I can restore to you the virility you once possessed; if I cannot give you youth itself, I *can* give you the powers of youth!" Brim said proudly.

"And what do we give you in return?" a man near Philip asked sarcastically. "Our souls?"

Brim laughed. "Nothing so ordinary as those soiled little relics." Philip thought that Brim's face had assumed a satanic aspect. "Of course, there will be some *slight* remuneration for my services," said Brim, "for those of you who desire them. Since each of you has different means, I shall discuss my fees in private."

When the meeting ended, all the men remained for interviews with Brim. They sat without speaking, and Philip thought of them as a room of hornless satyrs. He winced at the image. After what seemed an interminable time, Brim motioned him into an antechamber.

"Forgive the wait, dear fellow." Brim smoked a long, yellow cigar

whose aroma was delicious. "Have one?"

"The bouquet's excellent. But I think of brandy."

"You appreciate fine things. Good! Let's get down to business. I can do what I promised. Are you interested?"

Philip thought of the scorn in Miss Jones's young eyes. He had spent a great deal of time and money to get her to his apartment, then. . . ! "Very much," he said grimly.

"Fine." Brim's eyes narrowed. "There will be a test, of course. You cannot vie with the . . ." he laughed uncertainly ". . . without a test, you know. It is historical."

"I'm aware of that," Philip replied in a bored tone.

"Ah, dear fellow, I keep boring you."

"Very well, a test. What?"

Brim patted an album at his elbow. "Here are photographs of many of the most beautiful women in the world. I will arrange for you to meet the one of your choice when you are ready. Possibly, she will be as ardent as you . . ."

"Hardly," Philip said candidly, "if my body matches my desire."

"Your body *will* be capable. All you must do is sign over to me all your material possessions in the event that you fail to satisfy the woman you have selected."

"Sounds like a pleasant enough test, but why my worldly goods—if I may ask?"

"You already have," Brim pointed out. "However, my kingdom is really on earth, dear fellow, among you fine citizens." He laughed without humor. "Besides, that's unimportant. Are you willing?"

The memory of shame and helplessness burned into Philip's brain. "Yes, I'm willing."

"Good. Here." A paper appeared in Brim's hand. "This gives me the authority to take over your possessions. Should you pass the test—and I have ways to determine that—I shall destroy the paper. You may practice awhile with your new . . . energies . . . and call me when you're ready."

"And when will I receive these new energies?" Philip asked as he signed the agreement.

"You have them now."

"I don't feel any different, like I'd been to Copenhagen or something."

"You are. Quickly now, choose

the subject of the test out of here."

Philip leafed slowly through the album. All types of women were represented in photographs that seemed three-dimensional. The women were all lovely and appeared mature. Philip's gluttonous perusal was halted by a woman possessing what he thought was incomparable beauty and maturity. "This one," he said.

"There's no doubt?"

"No, this one," he repeated, staring at the woman, who, although obviously in her thirties, still retained the vigorous health of youth. She would be a partner to make a man scale unclimbable mountains for the promise of her lips, the press of her body, Philip thought.

"Ruth Wembly. She's thirty-four and a saleswoman in a fur salon here in town," Brim noted approvingly. "Convenient, at the least. Well!" He arose and shook Philip's hand. "When you're ready to meet Miss Wembly, call me. Don't be overlong, though."

Philip took a last look at the photograph of Ruth Wembly. "Don't worry," he promised.

Philip returned to his office in a daze, as though he had been on a protracted binge and misplaced some valuable time. His secretary, Miss Carter, nodded as he entered.

"Come in my office," he ordered curtly.

"Should I bring my notebook?"

"No," he said, "but hurry, please."

"Why, Mr. Rimbaud," she said when she had closed the door and Philip had seized her in his arms. Miss Carter's charms could not be classified as ethereal, merely abundant, which was all Philip required. "Why Mr. Rimbaud . . ."

He shut her silly mouth with kisses and bore her to a couch. She resisted briefly, then whispered, "It's been so long since you've done this, Mr. Rimbaud." She caressed his hair. "Much too long," she sighed.

In the evening, Philip revisited Miss Lavinia Jones. This time he wasted neither money nor time. When the scornful young nymph opened her apartment door, Philip, without a word, carried her into the bedroom, where her protests soon became sighs of contentment. The next morning, she gratefully kissed Philip's hands and begged him to return that evening.

(turn to page 63)



L

ove and the City...

The sun rises. Unconscious fingers reach for jangling alarm clocks. Nonsense and disaster from tinny radio-alarms rattle the consciousness . . . stretch, turn over . . . twenty wiggling toes seek each other. Warm discoveries recall earlier ecstasies. Happy pats and unco-ordinated fumbblings and the piquant curve of back, the soft nuzzling of breasts, the sweet mutterings . . . voluptuous awakening.

First cigarette cuts through the dark brown fur of morning-taste. Cool shower water . . . goose flesh on smooth belly. The mirror reflects the mechanical buzzing of electric razor and the soft delight of breast being cupped in its nylon prison.

A yawn, a mild curse at broken shoelace, and the charm of stocking encasing exquisite leg . . . pulled, straightened to circle of creamy thigh and white panties.

Tooth-paste kiss, and then the pre-heat of city morning, the

The magic lens of talented photographer Jerry Yulsman grapples with the problems of sex in action—love in the city . . . passion and metropolitan people . . . young and old . . .

air charged with brisk expectancy. A girl in last night's black dress and long, narrow stiletto-like heels flounces home to change into secretarial garb. Her dress is rumpled, her make-up hurriedly applied . . . perhaps later, during the municipal lunch hour, some fashionably bewhiskered, Continental young swain will be seeking . . . glass slipper in hand.

The taxi drivers are friendly, communicative, not yet frustrated by the brutal horror of city traffic. It is still early.

Slowly, soggy, saturated air encompasses all. Insidious, it envelops the city, and the first trickles of perspiration roll down the forehead of a pretty, young thing, patiently awaiting her lunch date. Her polka dot dress clings fondly to legs and thighs. As she shifts her weight, her hips move. Her young man arrives. Together they stroll, hands touching lightly in the high noon.

The refreshing shock of entering an air-conditioned cave, the cold smell of gin, the cool mutterings and clinkings . . . lime and ice and the dim nocturnal coolness like an autumn evening; serene pause to catch the breath and dry the brow and float in effervescent cooling waters. Bare shoulders and tight cotton-sheathed buttocks on cushioned bar stools. Shrimp salad and cold lobster. . .

At the beach, lovers lock in hot,



sandy embrace, ignored by previous generations of lovers now turned to fat and forgetfulness. The lovers twist and flex in the sun, coil around each other, twining, like hothouse plants . . . thin layers of elastic, man-made fibers separate them from fulfillment . . . perhaps later . . .

The park is full of nervous, secretive squirrels, and lovers' promises, and ducks and intellectual talk, and green rowboats, and kisses stolen in the lion house. A walk through the Guggenheim, a few afternoon hours in a movie cavern and the shifting, erotic images of Bardot. The couple seated in the thirtieth row entwine in the darkness . . . their sighing half-fulfillment more than matching the screen lovers. The air-conditioning compressor labors a little harder. . .

The middle-aged sun creates patches of darkness deep in the woods, screening lovers too impatient to await its final death. The cheerful cackle of birds, the quiet breeze, the soft impatient movement of leaf and bough underscore the



cool feel of damp earth on back and thigh. Rhythm . . . rhythm . . . rhythm . . . a soft ecstatic moaning loses itself in the forest noises. . .

Two girls, friends, drop forty floors in the tastefully decorated elevator, through the marble lobby, through revolving doors and onto sweating pavements. The two move together, hips in cadence . . . a miniature rhumba, left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . thin, smart summer frocks clinging moistly to gyrating derrieres; firm, rounded, separated by a narrow cleavage, moving in orbital opposition.



Into the maw, unfettered breasts jiggle on every step downward toward the roaring, tightly packed, sweating chaos of subway rush madness . . . intimate, yet detached, pressing . . . the smell of garlic and double-mint . . . Couples stroll in the warm evening. Darkness descends on the beach . . . the clip-clop of walkers heard on the boardwalk overhead combines with other contrapuntal rhythms and harmonizes with the melodious voice of the sea.

In the city, music flows through the night air . . . Ravel and Gershwin; modern jazz and rock-and-roll. The intellectual beat of Monk meshes with the murmurings of Sinatra. The night grows older. Dancing, conversing, walking, riding, eating, drinking, and finally the witching hour . . .

From somewhere overhead the soft murmur of music and lovers. The rumpled quiet of a bachelor's diggings . . . the pink trill of laughter in the dim light of a hi-fi pilot light. The rustle of taffeta and the thud of rejected shoes. Frilly things fall to the floor, light, frothy, disturbed slightly in their fall by the hot summer breezes of passion.

A record drops onto the spinning turntable . . . an audible thud in the warm night . . . soft words of lovers' language . . . incomprehensible, yet fraught with meaning . . . moist-sounds and squeakings . . . breath-intake and sigh . . . moans . . . and a diet of almost-laughter . . . then two cigarettes winking in the near gloom.

The sun rises. Unconscious fingers reach for jangling alarm clocks. Voluptuous awakening . . . it is morning . . .



The background of the illustration is a collage of several torn, hand-drawn map fragments. These fragments show various geographical features like coastlines, rivers, and landmasses, though they are not complete maps. A string with a key and a circular medallion hangs across the middle of the page, partially overlapping the map fragments and the text blocks.

travel... WILLARD BRADLEY BENNETT

WAY-OUT WAYFARING

A NEW PRIMER FOR THE
VOYAGEUR, INCLUDING HOW TO
PROVE YOU'RE NOT A
WITCH AND SEVEN OTHER
NEW VACATIONS.

*The little Road says Go;
The little House says Stay;
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away...*

When Josephine P. Peabody—a poet whom the march of time has decidedly pulled the trap door on—did she know she was fooling with a universal human attitude which the airline companies would someday exploit into a billion dollar business. For, now that we've all got the shekels and our sets of Sampsonite, not to mention two weeks off every year, we Americans are clutching the muchest.

That is to say, the State Department has announced a new wallet-

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SLACKMAN



"Do you believe in fate?"

sized, plastic-covered passport for 1961, one which will be good for three, not the usual two, years and, significantly, one which will have more pages for visas and customs stamps. The added pages appear as official attestation not only to the fact that we are traveling more than we used to but that in these desperate days we're also out to visit *more countries than ever*.

All of which wouldn't harm a fly if it weren't for two facts: *a.* Americans vacation outside of America in order to get away from Americans; *b.* With the current bull market in travel, one must take to the really offbeat trails in order to *find*, let alone be surrounded by, people with languages, haircut styles and customs different from one's own.

Yet when the professional, or agency, vacation planners realize this—and rest assured, these rascals will, probably even before the first of the new passports is issued—it will only be a matter of time until the *offbeat trails*, too, are turned into the oft-traveled and the exotic into the extinct.

"What is needed, then," said the editor of DUDE, "is, drastic as it sounds, a vacation that is off even the offbeat trails!"

Accordingly, a compilation has been made.

For you who, having tired of the same old plots and protagonists in Berne, Paris and Trinidad, have turned to Bali, Beirut and Bucharest, only to find that fellow wash 'n' wearers have gotten that message, too, and especially for you who are out to silence once and for all that inevitable couple who squelches your outmost conversation-item trips with the murderous, "Yes, *we* were thinking of going there, too" bit, here it is—the latest report on your last resorts!

And when *these* are used up, don't expect any more. You'll just have to obey that "little house" of Miss Peabody's and stay, damnit, at home. Anyway, consider:

THE KYUSHU KARNIVAL

Nix Osaka, nein Yokohama, leave Kyoto to Mr. Moto—it's downward to the land of Madame *Cho-Cho San's* (Butterfly) "residence" and Beppu's hair-raising Pools of Hell! In a word, *Hai!* and on to the southernmost of Japan's main islands, sunny, more-for-your-money Kyushu.

If you use third-class rail, you can get there from Tokyo for \$8. Of

course, this means that the breathing air will be rationed and, when you get up for a glass of water, you'll have to walk on the heads, backs, arms and bundles of the tired travelers sleeping in the aisles. But what matter, in no time (36 hours) you can be in Beppu, the spot select where the mountains meet the Inland Sea and Japan's movie stars and bankers meet the other visitors to this tucked-away resort city on the northern tip (you can't miss it, it's smack in between Oita and Nakatsu, you see) of the island.

Once inside a Beppu hotel, you'll find the management prefers to take your clothes away and re-do you, instead, in wooden sandals and cotton kimonos which advertise the hotel on the backs of them. You wear these wherever you go in Beppu and turn them in at the desk when your stay is over.

The room maid, and who has ever seen one in Kyushu that wasn't young and pretty, will serve you free tea and rice cakes within five minutes of your unpacking and then ask you if you're not ready to be bathed, by her, naturally. It's standard to get bathed every time you turn around in Japan, particularly in Kyushu, where the less sophisticated stock seem to place especial symbolic emphasis on it. Beppu is bordered by x-number of hot mineral springs, pools and geysers; one of them is blood red and will boil your egg—they sell them right there at the pool, for twenty-five yen—in thirty seconds. Thus one finds there are two kinds of bath water available, the regular and the boiling hot mineral, which is brought in via gravity and bamboo plumbing from the mountains.

For other recreation—there are *some* guests who understandably never get away from the girls who give the baths long enough to see—there is a fine beach, a cable car into the mountains, night clubs galore and houses of delightfully sordid repute.

But the object is eventually to get back on the train and go over to Fukuoka for the bicycle races. The GIs, all of whom the chamber of commerce of this port city on the East China Sea swears are long gone, used to get their tongues tied with its pronunciation.

In any case, you bet on these stadium-track bicycle races, called *keirin*, and it's all equal to what any afternoon at Hialeah could give you,

flamingos or no. It's easy to get rich once one observes that in the girls' races (the card is divided between them and the boys) the crowds always put their yen on the pretty ones, but that in the stretch it is the tough and muscle-stuffed gals, complete, usually, with faces that scare hell out of their competition, that do the coming in. And the odds against these are downright inflationary.

The adventurous traveler will take his winnings to Yanagamachi, a dazzling three-mile stretch within Fukuoka that is jam-packed with houses on both sides of the street and boastful of the fact that only five of its buildings—two groceries and three restaurants—are not built for pleasure.

It's probably the longest such street in the world, and its variety, both human and architectural, is endless. The gamut starts with smug little five-room affairs and builds gradually up to huge gilt palaces (\$10 a night) which sport expensive gardens and 12-couple bathtubs shaped like Venetian gondolas.

And speaking of that wet word again, should you *still* be skittish about the maid taking your bath with you, Fukuoka is as good a place as any to attend the municipal or public bathhouses. Of course, in these custom calls for man, woman and child to bathe in one big common tub, and this, too, especially during those elbow-rubbing rush hours, can get embarrassingly out of hand.

Don't forget a side trip down to Nagasaki, where tangerine trees dot the city's seven hills and music lovers can examine what the locals allege to be the onetime residence of Madame Butterfly. Of course, Puccini went to his grave swearing the heroine of his opera was purely a figment of his imagination, but, happily, this doesn't deter most Japanese tourists from making the scene and why when-in-Rome should it you?

Make Saga the last of your Kyushu stops. It's an ancient city with little more than some bizarre stone walls and the usual hot springs nearby, but you can ask for a room facing the Emperor there and the always courteous Japanese will probably give it to you. At least, the city, it is said by some, has long been a secret spot for current and past Emperors' holidays. And just imagine how far you can go with phrasing *that* when you get back to the office.

ENGLAND HERE AND THERE

The smart Yankee visitor to this country will call on the British Railways for his lodgings. To wit: Those with an eye on the budget can now find low-cost lodging in British railway coaches. These are located in scenic and seaside resorts throughout the Isles and the coaches come with sleeping compartments for six, living room and fully equipped kitchen. The rental fees are \$28 per week during the summer months and \$16.80 per week during spring and fall.

The utmost of way-out wayfaring in England, though, is the trip that utilizes canals and canal boats throughout. Built in the 18th century, the canals link most of the famous towns and rivers in England, and the traveler can either take an organized cruise or rent a craft of his own. A number of rental companies teach amateurs in less than an hour how to operate their boats, which will sleep six and cost you about \$70 a week, not including food, gasoline and canal tolls.

Yet, with travel as expensive and time-consuming as it is, not to mention the bloody crowds, the best way to see England—and *no* travel service has planned this one—is to go to Virginia.

Understand, now, before you scoff, that here is a state, a commonwealth, to be sticky about it, so intent on preserving its ties with England that it conducts more fox hunts than the rest of the states put together, bills one of its smaller cities as the "Oldest Continuous English-speaking Settlement (*there's* a word for you, by God) in America," and still permits, nay encourages, those terrible jousting tournaments. And if you're still not convinced that this makes for a better England than the unabridged edition itself, try to remember that the beaches are better and the tobacco fresher.

The jousting matches are for real, at least in the sense that they take place all over the state every year. They usually feature thirty richly costumed men on horseback, each in the pay of a given town, farm or plantation. When the command, "Charge, Sir Knight!" is given, one of these boys, holding a nine-foot lance at eye-level, comes racing out of the shadows of the moss-covered oaks and toward a gallows-like post which holds a two-inch ring. Without changing the animal's gait, the trick is to

spear the ring with the lance, then gallop on to spear two more of them suspended from stands spaced about seventy-five feet apart.

Now, as in merry old England, feasting and pageantry, pretty girls and crowds often up to 2,500 accompany the contests. And the knight who spears steadiest gets to name the lady of his choice Queen of the Tournament. Can you think of a better way to warm what's found beneath the yards of ante-bellum gown a girl is forced to hide herself in during the festivities?

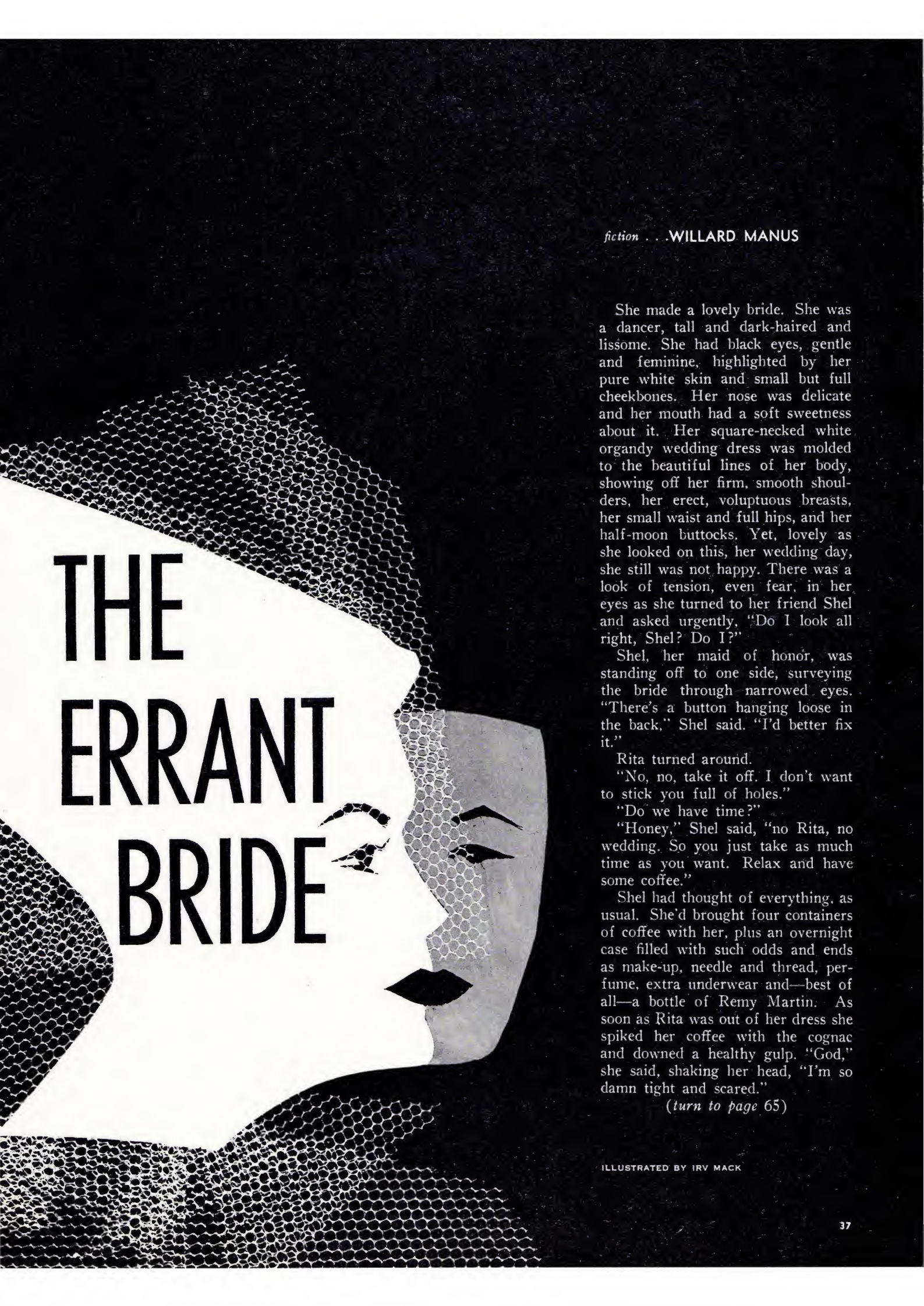
The little Virginia city with the big billing about English spoken here is Hampton, situated where else but on the Hampton Roads, and sporting a white-sand beach replete with oysters, restaurants with 65¢ dinners, and not much else (unless you're hot for flounder fishing and old forts). It is home, however, to Hampton Institute, alma mater of Booker T. Washington and presently a predominantly Negro, four-year, accredited and swinging campus. A visitor might well investigate a little entry that is always mysteriously included on the college's printed weekly activity bulletin. It's called "Play Day."

A moonshine (this is one of the few un-English commodities dispensed in the locale, but they're very apologetic about it) jug's throw from Hampton is a swamp called Jamestown. Virginians refer to it pridefully as a grand town, extol its history and talk of driving down to spend a day there. But an outsider's objective reconnaissance will reveal that, in spite of all the jabberwocky, Jamestown is a town that really isn't there. In the stead of this once infamous boro, today's visitor will find some forlorn firs trying to live in an odorous and unpretty marsh and a sole structure, the "Festival" pavilion, built in 1957.

Within the outlandish latter, some decidedly non-English hot dogs may be purchased, but that is about as American as the place gets. From there on out, it's all 15th century English - costumed guides running about the place (to show you the trees, what else?), awkward floating replicas of the *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed* and *Discovery*, crosses marking "The earliest known burying ground of English men and women in America" and the like. The "Di-

(turn to page 72)

There are certain decisions the Queen must make herself . . .



THE ERRANT BRIDE

fiction . . . WILLARD MANUS

She made a lovely bride. She was a dancer, tall and dark-haired and lissome. She had black eyes, gentle and feminine, highlighted by her pure white skin and small but full cheekbones. Her nose was delicate and her mouth had a soft sweetness about it. Her square-necked white organdy wedding dress was molded to the beautiful lines of her body, showing off her firm, smooth shoulders, her erect, voluptuous breasts, her small waist and full hips, and her half-moon buttocks. Yet, lovely as she looked on this, her wedding day, she still was not happy. There was a look of tension, even fear, in her eyes as she turned to her friend Shel and asked urgently, "Do I look all right, Shel? Do I?"

Shel, her maid of honor, was standing off to one side, surveying the bride through narrowed eyes. "There's a button hanging loose in the back," Shel said. "I'd better fix it."

Rita turned around.

"No, no, take it off. I don't want to stick you full of holes."

"Do we have time?"

"Honey," Shel said, "no Rita, no wedding. So you just take as much time as you want. Relax and have some coffee."

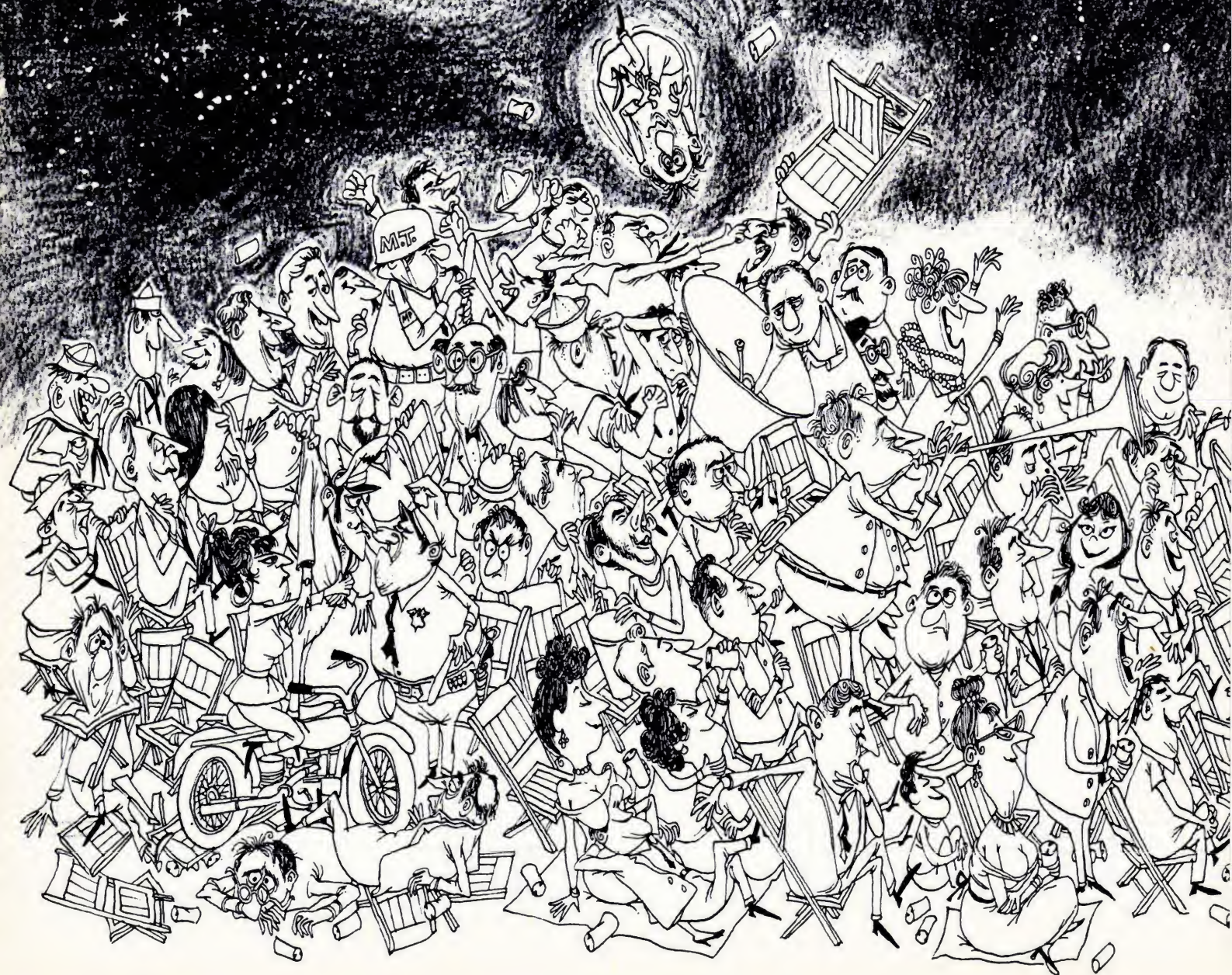
Shel had thought of everything, as usual. She'd brought four containers of coffee with her, plus an overnight case filled with such odds and ends as make-up, needle and thread, perfume, extra underwear and—best of all—a bottle of Remy Martin. As soon as Rita was out of her dress she spiked her coffee with the cognac and downed a healthy gulp. "God," she said, shaking her head, "I'm so damn tight and scared."

(turn to page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY IRV MACK

RIOT AT GLUEPORT

Remember last year's rowdy
doings at an eastern jazz
festival? Here's a tongue-in-cheek
counterpart, a melee of yocks and
puns, written with an unusual lack
of foresight—before
the fact.



I have just returned from a provocative scientific expedition to Glueport, a little town strategically dislocated on a little island called Rhode just off the northeast coast of the United States. I had been commissioned by the Royal Geophysical Society to investigate the origins of certain seismological disturbances that occur in the environs of Glueport just prior to the summer solstice. My visit to Glueport at this



particular time was indeed propitious, as it happened to coincide with the celebration of that famous jazz festival which takes place there each year. And inasmuch as I had already filed my report to the Society and my interests in jazz are more than just passing, I and Renfrew, a charming and ingratiating nebbish, who is also my trusted laboratory assistant, decided to attend the Glueport Jazz Festival.

When we first arrived, Glueport was swarming with cats of every persuasion. There was a respectful number of dogs, too, many of whom with very little persuasion would have been most delighted to become man's best friend. But we refused to be accosted. As we were edging ourselves into Gratisbody Park, Renfrew inadvertently clomped his open-toed combat boots into a freshly laid bed of tulips. An observant and dedicated officer of the law grabbed him and inquired in a delicate Oxfordian accent, "Can't you read the signs, crum?" Renfrew, not the least bit perturbed by the strangle hold around his Celluloid collar, answered with aplomb—"Who's smoking?" The last time I saw Renfrew, he was being dispatched to an awaiting Black Maria. This, I felt, was the true spirit of the Jazz Festival.

The next few moments were spent in idol contemplation as I waited for Ella, J. J., Buck and Coleman to put in an appearance. I had just put my idol away, when the M.C. came on like Hamp to introduce the evening's program. I knew it was the M.C. because he was dressed formally. His sequined deck pants and matching sneakers were stunning. Dazzling, as a matter of fact. So much so, that when the band got on stage they all had their dark glasses with them. Some of them contained Scotch. I could tell that very easily by the way the ice cubes were improvising on the "Anvil Chorus."

The M.C. introduced the group on stage as the Ultra-Modern Fifth, which, as you know, is just a little less than a Quartet. The leader, Dick Tracy, played a superb siren. Many of you may remember Tracy when he was with the Lawrence Svelt Orchestra where he doubled on bongos to keep his no-wind wrist watch in time. Dick graduated with honors from Foul Tech, where he majored in girl-watching, heel-click-

ing and astrophysics. He was awarded quite a few degrees. As a matter of fact, when he went to summer school, he was awarded 65°. But then again, the school was on the shady side. So was his father, who was a June Taylor dancer.

Tonally, the group had a solid, urgent drive to it, and Red Scrunch's alto was never more articulate. In fact, the two got into a heated discussion on the relative merits of lip pomade in between solos. You should have seen the way those two carried on.

Most of the tunes played were Tracy originals, including "Fly-Face Fandango," "Junior Got A Tommy Gun for Christmas," and "Lament For Tess Trueheart's Shoulder Holster." All told, the group played eight numbers. Then the drummer yelled "Bingo." He was awarded a stuffed Rhino right on stage.

After the group left the stand, the M.C. came running back to encourage the audience to greater applause. He next introduced a new collegiate group by the name of The Four Seniors, who you may recall, were known as the Four Freshmen just a scant four years ago. I remembered these boys while they were still in high school, where they were known as the Four Preps.

They came on stage a-whooping and a-hollering. In harmony, yet. Then, they began their concert of unfamiliar selections. To tell you the truth, I never heard such atrocious lyrics, such maudlin sentimentality, such insipid music in all my life. I believe they have a hit.

What was particularly impressive to me was the way their Phi Beta Kappa keys—pinned quite tastefully in their respective navels—kept winking and blinking in three-quarter time. It was a sight I'll never forget. A memorable event of the evening was the finale, when the Seniors sang their own arrangement of "Mississippi Mud." When they got off the stage, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. That's one song with a lot of sediment in it.

The last featured attraction of the evening was Molly Pitcher and her Blonde Shells, an exceptionally frenetic group composed of authentic blondes, bleached blondes, strawberry blondes and a few ringers with wigs. They played what one might call long-haired jazz. One soloist was a particular standout on sax.

She really knocked herself out on her horn. But they revived her in a few minutes. Then she blew straight into an up-tempo chorus of "How High The Boon" which, despite her nose cold, sounded surprisingly like "How High the Moon."

Her pulsating, drawn-out solo caused all sorts of sensuous reactions. One member of the audience, an obese dowager from the summer colony of Glueport, let out shrill cries, which to the trained ear sounded much like the anguished calls of a frustrated sow during the autumnal equinox.

She arose from her box with one mighty effort and proceeded to engage in a highly provocative dance which appeared to be a cross between a belly dance and a can-can, both of which she displayed to fine advantage. This, too, I felt was the true spirit of the Jazz Festival.

After the last group left the stage, I just lay in the grass savoring the delicious experiences of the last few hours. The stars polka dotted the inky blackness above me. The katydids were calling for their Katys while the crickets were cracking their knuckles in thunderous cacophony. Off somewhere, man and his mate were competing with the sounds of nature, as the punctured hiss from a thousand beer cans signaled the end of a perfect day.

With some measure of sadness and loneliness, I left this provocative setting and headed back to my Jaguar. Good, old faithful Mercedes (for that's what I call my Jaguar), she was still chained to the fire hydrant where I had left her a few hours before. At the sight of me she purred like the adoring feline she is. As I approached her, she playfully clawed off my Bermuda Shorts. I hastily grabbed a spare pair from my rucksack and donned them before anyone could see what had happened. It was then that I noticed that Mercedes had a parking ticket taped to her majestic mane. It appears that Glueport has an intolerably strict ordinance against parking one's Jaguar less than fifteen feet from a fire hydrant.

The next night I wandered over to the musician's tent before the start of the evening's performance to see if I could acquire a few new names for my mother's autograph collection. Mother is always collect-

(turn to page 64)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLAND/GLOBE



Combining looks and books, intelligence and glamour, is occasionally the best way to land, heads up, in the . . .

GROVES OF ACADEME

Scratch a beautiful woman (before she can scratch you), and you'll find (assuming her beauty is more than skin deep) a whirlpool of desire. Not desire in the ordinary sense, but an oft-forgotten, rarely mentioned craving to be complimented,

frequently and eloquently, originally and felicitously.

Bobbie Naylor, whose beauty goes much deeper than the surface — a healthy five and a half feet high, to be precise — is no exception to this rule.

Take, for example, the time



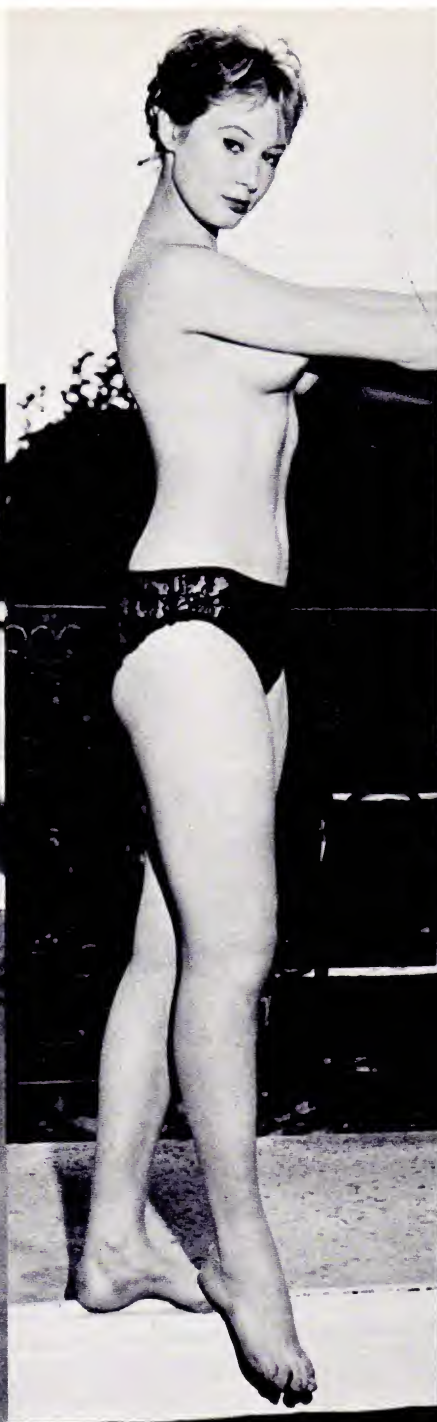
she went to a large midwestern university. But first understand the background. In any sizable school there will be scads of beautiful women, some of them just occupying space until they can qualify for their M.R.S. degrees, others as worthy of the degrees they earn as their male peers.

Certain departments, it is well known, attract more pretty members of the distaff side than others. There's never a shortage of attractive girls in Home Eco. or Psychology, English or Sociology, for example.

Bobbie carefully eschewed these typically feminine departments when she went to school and majored instead in, of all things, Linguistics!

This is one of the toughest courses in the world, for the study of the theory of languages requires as a prerequisite the knowledge of many languages.

Bobbie reads fluently in Gothic, Provencal, Greek, French and German.





The number of females who can make such a claim is minuscule. The number of such claimants who can hold a candle to Miss Naylor in the looks department is even more rare.

Now that Bobbie has left the cloistered Groves of Academe

and become a dancer in Los Angeles, she is back at school doing post graduate work, in what?

Linguistics? No, indeed. She feels that's become too easy. She's taken on a new hobby and a new study . . . Egyptology!



ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

fashion . . . JAMES W. McLEAN

Savile Row

Why this fashionable English district, where you can buy the best suit in the world for only \$150, is becoming increasingly paved with American dollars . . .

Ever since the turn of the century, the odd Texas oil man and a few Wall Street brokers have been making a point of visiting Savile Row in London whenever they've needed new suits. They've been an exclusive minority of North Americans.

Since the Second World War the picture has changed radically. The

brokers and oil men are still coming but they've been joined by thousands of upper-middle-class citizens to whom a transatlantic jaunt is nothing—what with the easy fly-now-and-pay-later plans currently available. Nowadays advertising executives and real estate salesmen, movie producers and disk jockies all

over the country are recognizing the value of exquisite English tailoring as a splendid gambit in the game of One-upmanship.

In short, the London suit has become a first-class American status symbol. And a very good thing, too, from the point of view of the clothiers in world tailordom's holy of holies, Savile Row. About a dozen tailors make up the distinguished inner circle here, and to a man they are inordinately pleased at the upsurge in their North American business.

"Fifteen years ago," one of them told me, "I had ninety-two clients from the United States and Canada. Now I have just over fifteen hundred."

When interviewed in New York on the Barry Gray radio show not long ago, this same tailor cheerfully admitted that, if it weren't for their American clientele, he and most of his colleagues would be in third floor back rooms instead of the dignified, club-like premises they all now occupy. Because of Britain's murderous tax rates, the barons, earls and landed gentry that used to keep London's tailors busy can no longer afford the tariff. To take up the slack, Savile Row is pleased to welcome colonials from the dollar countries. In fact, most shops send representatives to North America twice a year to take orders for suits that are usually picked up when the customers are next in London.

Which isn't to say the Savile Row suit makers are standing on their plush doorsteps waiting with open arms for anyone with a loud tie and a camera around his neck.

One such character swaggered into a London tailor shop a while back and demanded immediate service. The manager didn't feel he was the right type for a Savile Row suit and got rid of him with practiced delicacy by telling him the next fitting date open was three months hence. The swag-gerer stomped out, flew home to Los Angeles and got himself stabbed to death by Lana Turner's daughter. When the tailor told me this story, it was plain that nothing could have been more offensive to him than to have had Johnny Stompanato die in a suit from his cutting room.

On the other hand, Americans who have been accepted into the Savile Row coterie can have the best of unruffled British service. Spyros Skouras of 20th Century Fox sent word

once that on his way from Paris to New York he would be touching down for a few minutes at London airport. He wanted a suit, but there'd be no time for the 18-mile drive from the landing field into mid-town Savile Row. His tailor obligingly met him on the Tarmac, did a calm, unhurried fitting amid the roaring Comets and sent him on his way. The suit was air-mailed over, a few weeks later and was, of course, perfect.

Another U.S. business man was sailing home from France on the *Liberte*. The boat was scheduled to stop at Southampton, but only for a few hours, not long enough for the 150-mile round trip to London.

"Never mind," said his Savile Row tailor. "We'll fix you up."

He was on Southampton dock when the *Liberte* steamed in. The fitting took place in a stateroom, and another American went home well pleased with Savile Row.

Then there was the wealthy individual from Rochester who, during a visit to Paris, decided there was something wrong with his Savile Row made topcoat.

"I'll be right there," said his tailor, over cross-channel telephone.

It turned out to be nothing but a button a fraction of an inch out of place. Not an eyebrow did the tailor raise as he put the matter right. He then bowed courteously and flew back London.

Nor did another Savile Rower turn so much as a hair when he recognized a customer in his shop as one of the least publicized, yet best known, Americans there is. The fellow poked around, picked out a bolt of cloth and said: "Will this go shiny in the seat of the pants?"

The tailor admitted it might eventually.

"Then find me one like it that won't."

"Certainly, sir," said the tailor and picked out another bolt of cloth which was examined and finally deemed satisfactory by the Wall Street Texan, who'd rather not be named, but whose fortune of roughly two billion dollars makes him the richest man in the world.

The men of Savile Row have had long experience with people who might be expected to expect their own way. Most of the world's kings, emperors and maharajahs have been coming to London for their clothes for generations. One man showed me

some of the notable names on his books. He won't let me mention any of his current royalty, but some of those of an earlier day were the King of Spain, the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon III, the Shah of Persia. Further down on the same list were Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt.

Naturally, British nobility has long set the tone in this world-famous street of tailors. Princes, dukes and most of the Kings of England have been going there for well over a hundred years, ever since their forefathers were captured by the brilliant merchandising tactics of the man who invented Savile Row.

The name of this ingenious fellow was Henry James Poole. Some think this mid-Victorian tailor, bon vivant, expert horseman and salesman extraordinary, was one of the brighter Britons of the past few centuries.

Though a gay blade by nature, Henry Poole had the insight to see that, while fanciness was fleeting, good, somber craftsmanship was an everlasting virtue. Through a series of clever stratagems he made himself the leading influence in British tailoring. Then he issued the edict that bright velvets and colored silks were better suited to servants' livery than to the clothes of gentlemen.

"Poole's right," said the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of France, both of whom bought all their clothes at Henry's shop. Naturally everyone agreed with these supreme tastemakers and immediately exchanged their silver buckles and red velvet trousers for chaste, dark clothes of stern cut.

To this day in England, the edict sticks. And let's face it, very few North Americans even now dare wear anything but grays and dark blues on occasions of any formality at all.

To meet the competition from Rome and Paris, where fancy styling still prevailed, London tailors of the day were forced to jack their standards of workmanship up and up. This is no doubt the reason British tailoring ultimately became known as the best in the world—a reputation it still holds.

Poole's father, a very capable military tailor, had a shop in Old Burlington Street. Business was good and he sent his son to the best schools. The youngster hit it off with the young noblemen he met and was soon riding

(turn to page 66)

PITY the poor gray skin. His row is a tougher one to hoe than this unfortunate, silent-suffering denizen of Mad. Alley will admit. Once the scads of money he earns are dissipated by the requirements of keeping up with the demands he creates, there is nothing left but the scorn, contempt and ingratitude of a society he has so nobly tried to remold. And after his vain attempts on a well-padded couch to bind the perforations of his skittish ulcer—brought on by the well-known pressures of deadline demands from unsympathetic printers and copy carpings from unreasonable manufacturers—the ad man is still living with the nightmare he can share with no one—not his boss (who has one of his own), not his split-level wife (who has enough problems with her split-level boy friend) and not his split-level girl friend (vice versa): it's the nightmare of the gray flannel goof, the ultimate of printers' errors, the dream that sends ad execs from the suburbs to the sanitarium: in short, the switched caption. Take a pictorial peek at the innermost of diurnal and nocturnal phantasies, the . . .

"DOCTORS
AGREE . . ."



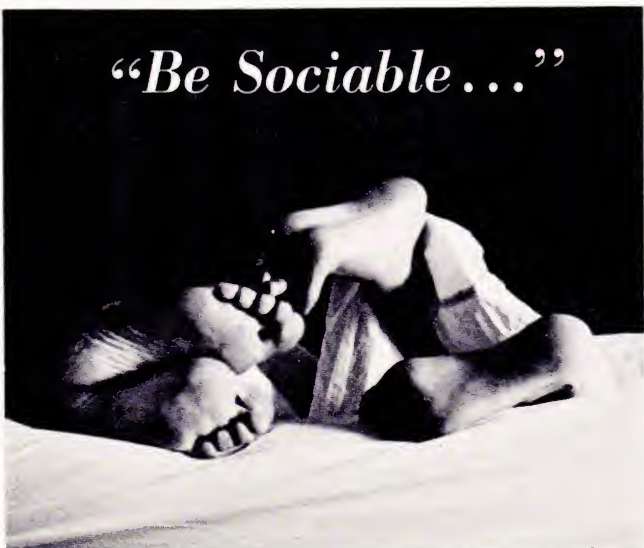
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE KRAFT

Nightmare in Gray Flannel

*“Does he
or
doesn’t
he?”*



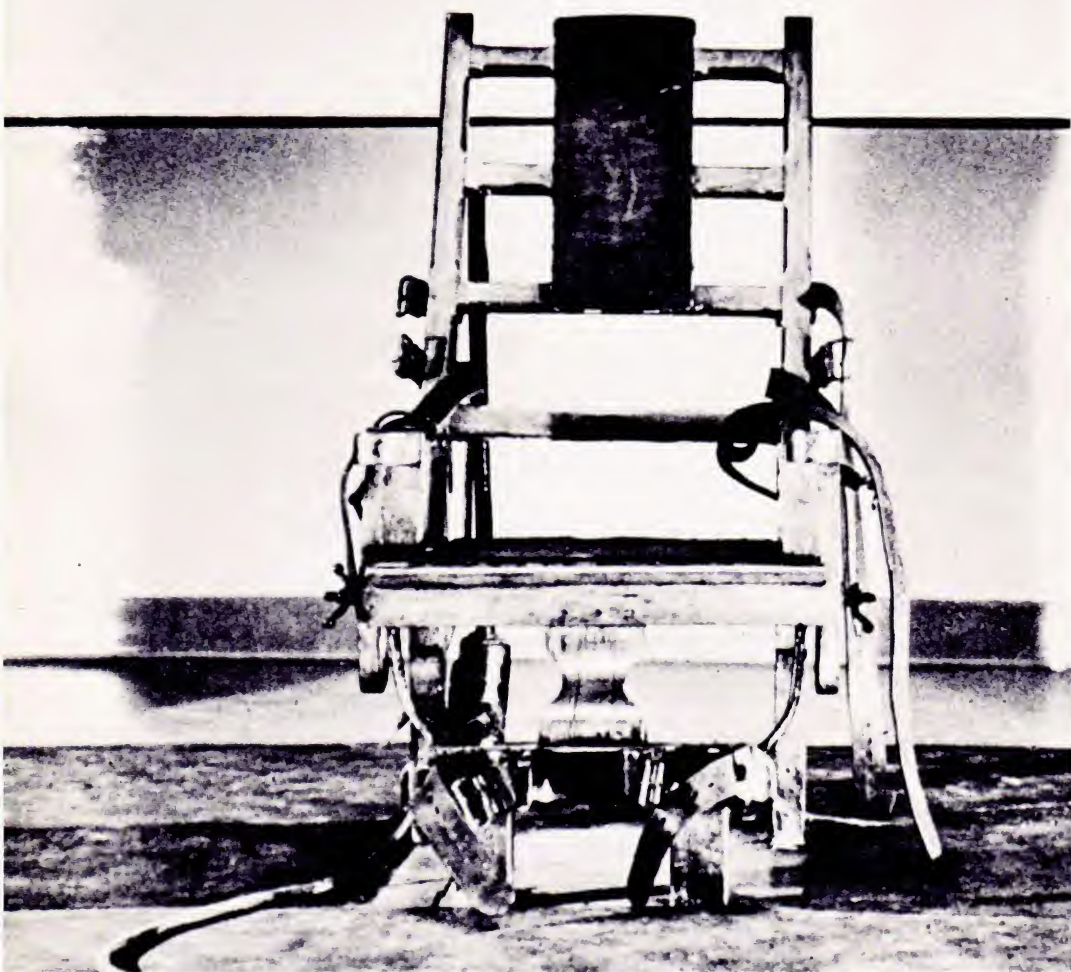
“Be Sociable...”





"Take tea and see."

**"PROGRESS IS
OUR MOST
IMPORTANT
PRODUCT!"**



by ROBERT BLOCH

A critic recently parodied Twain's memorable classic with the line, "Come up on the raft agin', Huck honey..." Could be he was thinking of this story...

Mr. Raymond Arch,
Mr. Charles Keene,
Arch-Keene Productions, Inc.,
Hollywood, California
Dear Boys:

I am writing this letter to you myself, personally, and hope you will excuse any errors in spelling, grammar, punctuation, etc., as you must please remember that I am an author not a stenographer.

Of course that is why you hired me in the 1st place, on account of how I've been knocking around the Industry long enough to know real story values—viz., what will make a picture that has b.o. appeal, and also get around the censors, which let us not kid ourselves is always a problem.

But I will not waste your time with

philosophy when what you want is a report on the motion picture possibilities of those three properties you sent me.

First off let me assure you that you are on the right track. There is no sense laying out a big buck for story rights when you have to make a lot of changes anyway in order to bring in a shooting script. You might as well latch onto some oldies like you showed me and spend a little more whipping them into shape. Maybe you think I am stiffing you with an exorbitant fee for my criticism, but I think after you see what I have to say you will agree it is worth it.

I have read the three books you sent me, which as they stand now they stink on ice, movie-wise. But I think I have figured out some angles that will turn them into winners.

Huckleberry Finn, by Mark Twain. Here is a good example of what I was talking about; this Mark Twain is even worse on grammar and all that jazz than I am, but you don't have to read more than 100 pages without seeing he is a writer. This Huck Finn is a real character and I think he will play for laughs, only you got to be careful about one or two little things.

Like, for instance, just when the plot gets rolling, Huck goes down the river on a raft with a negro named Jim, and right then and there the book goes up the creek without a paddle. Like nothing happens. I mean, how are you going to get good cinematic values out of this, particularly when you know the censorship problem as well as I do?

But hold the phone, all is not loused, as I got to thinking about this can of peas and it suddenly came to me like a bolt in the blue. This is a Southern-type story, so why not play it for real? I mean, just as if it was written by Tennessee Williams or somebody else who really knows the Old South?

So it's as simple as NBC. All we got to do is, we kick the negro off the raft and substitute this gorgeous little 16-year-old chick, who is running away from her step-mother just like this Huck is running away from his old man. Now we got ourselves a situation the audience can buy—these two antsy kids, alone together in the middle of a river at night. I mean, will they or won't they? You can dig the drama.

Then these two spooks show up—

the King and the Duke, or whatever Twain calls them—only instead of being a couple of hambones like in the book, I suggest we follow the Tennessee Williams bit and make them real weirdos. Like they escaped from an asylum or wherever, and they are out to get the girl. Right away we got impact going for us. In the end they lock the girl up in a cabin—instead of Jim, like in the story—and it's Huck's job to get her loose before the heavies give her the old statutory rape bit. But we can have some pretty steamy scenes in there, all that old Southern decadence which the critics eat up. We got to play Huck for about 19 or 20, I think, if we're getting the meat out of those scenes with the chick on the raft; the way I see him he could maybe be taking a guitar with him which gives us a legitimize excuse for a couple of numbers in between passes. Incidentally, "Huck" is one hell of a lousy name for a hero—I suggest we change it to "Chuck."

I hope you will agree with my suggestions, and by the way, when it comes down to casting that 16-year-old chick I have just the right one for the part.

You might pass my ideas along to Elvis and see how he likes them.

Now, the second book, which is that biography of *Abraham Lincoln* by Carl Sandberg—who I understand is a pretty good guitar player himself, although I never heard any of his records on the jukes.

Off hand I am not really 100 per cent sold on biographic pictures, though I know ever so often one of them hits for big, like the one they did on Rocky Graziano a few years back. But let us face it, Abraham Lincoln is no Rocky Graziano, not by a long shot.

I mean, here you got a real historical type of character who is known to every schoolboy and politician in the country, and you simply can not throw him up for grabs.

The first thing, if you went for this Lincoln yarn, is that you would have to get rid of the muff. Name me one (1) picture in which the hero walks around wearing a muff through out, which ever made a dollar. I understand D. W. Griffith made a Lincoln movie back in 1930 or whenever and it was a bomb. It would be even worse today because the minute you show a character with a beard, right away the audience says, "Aha, this

guy must be a beatnik." And Abraham Lincoln as a beat—this I don't buy.

So you get rid of the muff, and also you got another problem to clear up, and that is the downbeat ending. Now it is all very well to talk about historical facts and like that there, but I say what good are historical facts if all they give you is a lousy turkey which will not play the bottom half of a double bill at a Drive-In?

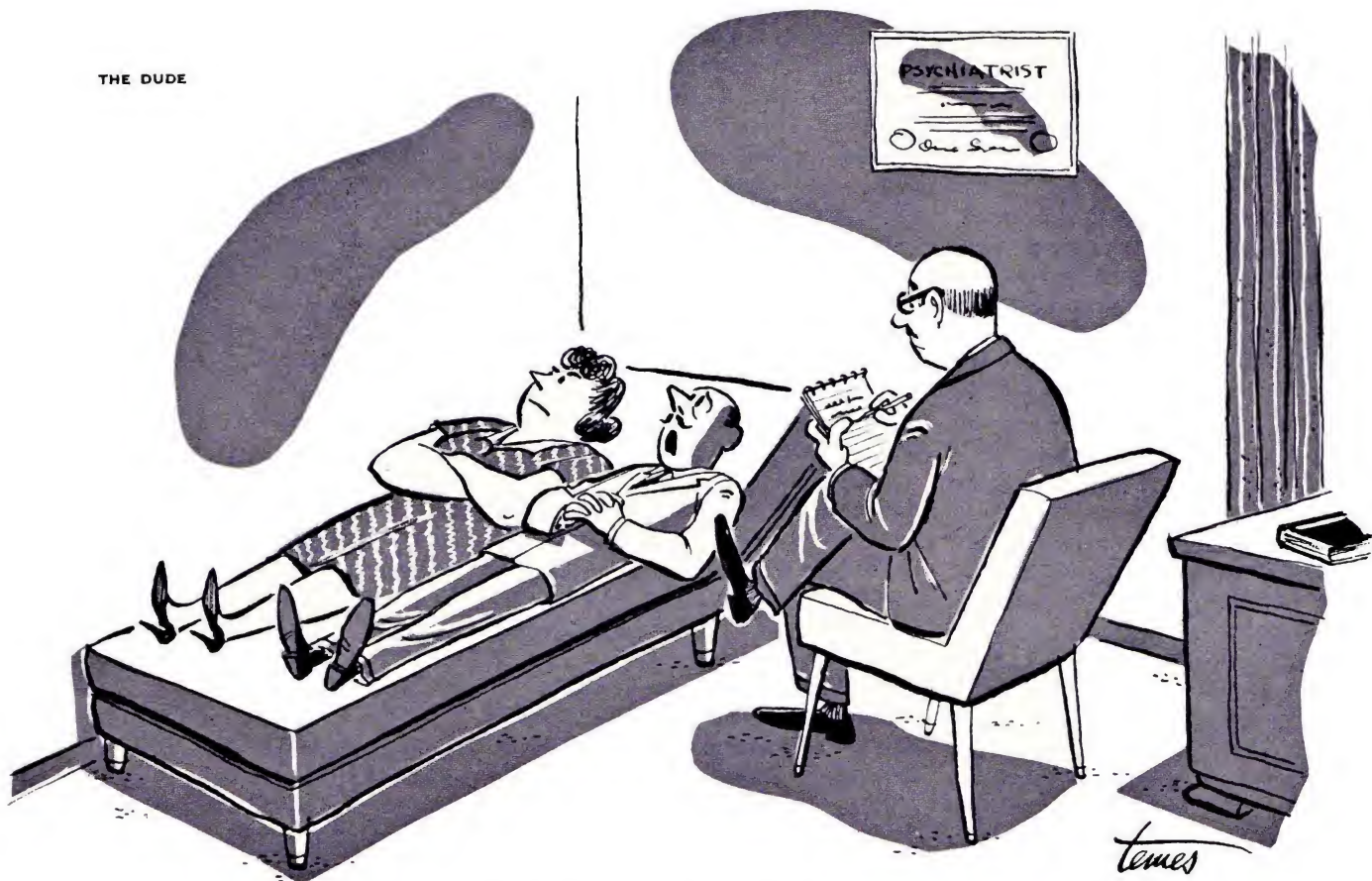
Besides, you and I know that no biographic pictures ever stick to the actual facts—like showing Jolson with only two wives instead of five—so who is to make a big production out of it if we give the picture a happy ending? I mean, this Lincoln character is very big with everybody, and they will all be pulling for him when he gets into the Civil War mess, and why not leave them walk out of the theatre with a good taste in their mouths, so it should be a nice, top-grossing family picture instead of one of those documentary dogs?

As to how to do this I got a constructive suggestion which is very simple and really does not change our story-line at all except to strengthen it as you will agree when I tell you what I have in mind. You may remember if you read the book that Lincoln is in love with a cute little blonde chick name of Anne Rutledge, who dies about one-third of the way through.

Now here is our gimmick—Anne Rutledge does not die. She hightails it out of town without telling anybody, on account of she knows that if she sticks around and marries Abe it will ruin his political career. She changes her name and goes on the stage.

We will plant it that Abe has a secret yen for her all through the years—and I admit this will have to be done very subtly, so as not to get the school-teachers in an uproar. But I think we can work in the bit, so that the audience gets the idea that there is still a big thing between the two of them, only Abe of course thinks she is dead.

Then we come down to the big shoot-out in Ford's Theatre. Now dig this—Anne Rutledge is appearing on the stage under the name of Laura Keane, and when Booth shows up to cool Lincoln, she happens to look up and recognize him; she jumps up onto the balcony (maybe climbing the flag) and gets between Abe and



"I believe, and my wife will correct me if I'm wrong, my first childhood experience of inferiority was . . ."

the bullet just in time. Then she dies in his arms, and Abe goes on to save the country.

When you come right down to it I don't see how anybody can put in a beef, because we are still showing Anne Rutledge dying like before. We are not really tampering with the facts, just switching them around a little and sweetening up the deal so it will have some real values.

By the way, when you get around to casting Anne Rutledge, I have just the right talent in mind for the part. Check with me.

So—lastly but not leastly, the third book, which is *The Bible*, by King James.

Now I know that when it comes to criticising the Bible I am treading on dangerous water, on account of all the reverence tied up in it by Cecil B. deMille and other authoritys. Besides, deMille has already used the best parts and his estate could easy tie us up in a lawsuit.

But at the risk of sticking my neck out, allow me to say that this is not an easy kind of propriety to do in the first place, and I was kind of surprised to find out how hard it was to

read, after all the buildup. In all fairness to King James, I do not think he would have written it in the same style if he was alive today (he is dead).

After doing a synopsis on both halves of the book I can find only one section in each part which has real spectacle possibilities for us.

In the first section (the Old Testament) we've got the Flood bit. Now one of you two oldtimers will tell me, "Yes, but didn't Darryl F. Zanuck make *Noah's Ark* back in '28?" and I will have to admit it. But this will not put the freeze on us, if you follow my thinking. Which is to take the same situation and the same dramatic values I gave you on my treatment of *Huckleberry Finn*. Only this time, instead of one chick and one stud on a lousey raft, we have one chick and maybe nine-ten fullgrown men trapped together on an Ark in the Flood. To say nothing of a whole boatload of wild animals, which if some kook turned them loose, would massacre everyone! You see how this situation could build?

On second thought, maybe the other section is better because nobody

has used it yet. It comes at the very end of the book and it is called *Revelations*. Believe me, reading it was a sweat because it is written in one of those phoney way-out styles like *On The Road*, and there is no real story-line. Just this end of the world pitch.

But I don't have to tell you that trendwise we have something very big here with this end of the world pretzel—look at *On The Beach* and all the science-fiction pics which have run up a fat gross.

We could run it as a promotion, film it abroad with dub-ins, and play up the special effects. Also monsters.

Come to think of it, this is probably the most commercial property in the bunch, and I recommend you check to make sure the rights are clear, just in case, and then get a couple of first-rate writers on it to give you a full treatment.

By the way, when you get around to casting the Great Whore of Babylon, I have just the right chick for the part.

Sincerely,
Robert Bloch

OO

PUB-LICLY YOURS

(continued from page 5)

for a night at the Metropolitan Opera, around the corner (in season), or the theater.

But it's not so amazing once you've visited Al Cooper's "casino de cuisine." The three prime reasons for its popularity, of course, are the three prerequisites of a class establishment: flawlessly prepared food, handsome and elegant surroundings and the type of service you'd expect east of Fifth Ave. Add the fact that the bossman's sharp eyes are constantly on the alert and you've got four bases—and that's a home run in any league.

Maybe his prices are slightly higher, but if you're headed for the nearby theaters after dinner, a show is much more enjoyable if you have food of the highest order under your belt.

Now fourteen years old, the restaurant is open daily, Saturdays until 3:30 p.m., and is closed Sundays. Taking a look around the dining room, which can handle close to 200, you can see that it's smartly divided into two sections by equally smart mahogany and wrought iron. Cozy booths and plug-in phones are other conveniences.

It would take several installments to go into the varied platter tempters. So here are just a few of Cooper's enticements: Hungarian beef goulash

en casserole, Cornish game hen with Burgundy wine sauce, scampi a la Cooper, broiled lobster supreme with crabmeat, frogs' legs saute provencale and corned brisket of beef and cabbage. And such staples as steak and roast beef.

All prices are a la carte, with luncheon items beginning at \$2.75 and dinner entrees from \$3.95.

On your way in or out of Al Cooper's, take a peek at the cleverly mounted history of fashion displayed in individual glass frames near the entrance. Most interesting.

For those who care to "pour" a few before dinner, the bar is one of the most popular in town, from five until eight. Extra added attraction, as they say in the movies: the on-the-house hot and cold hors d'oeuvres and smorgasbord.

That ought to put you in solid with the miss for whom you've been "pouring." I daresay you won't "miss" with her—to use a cliché.



IN YOUR HAT

(continued from page 5)

music, two of the best pieces of "mood" music in a long time are put out by Elektra. Give ear to "Adam's Theme" and "Four French Horns."



"The gentleman at the bar wants to know if this is dry enough."



I have them in stereo but they are also pressed monaurally. Better background music to seduce by would be hard to imagine.

Elektra's catalogue has some other interesting bits of wax. Try "When Dalliance Was in Flower," for some good sophisticated lyrics from my favorite period in history, the English Restoration. Some of the lyrics are subtle, some as unambiguous as a hit on the head. Ed McCurdy, who, strangely, got his start as a gospel singer, vocalizes and plays guitar on this disk.

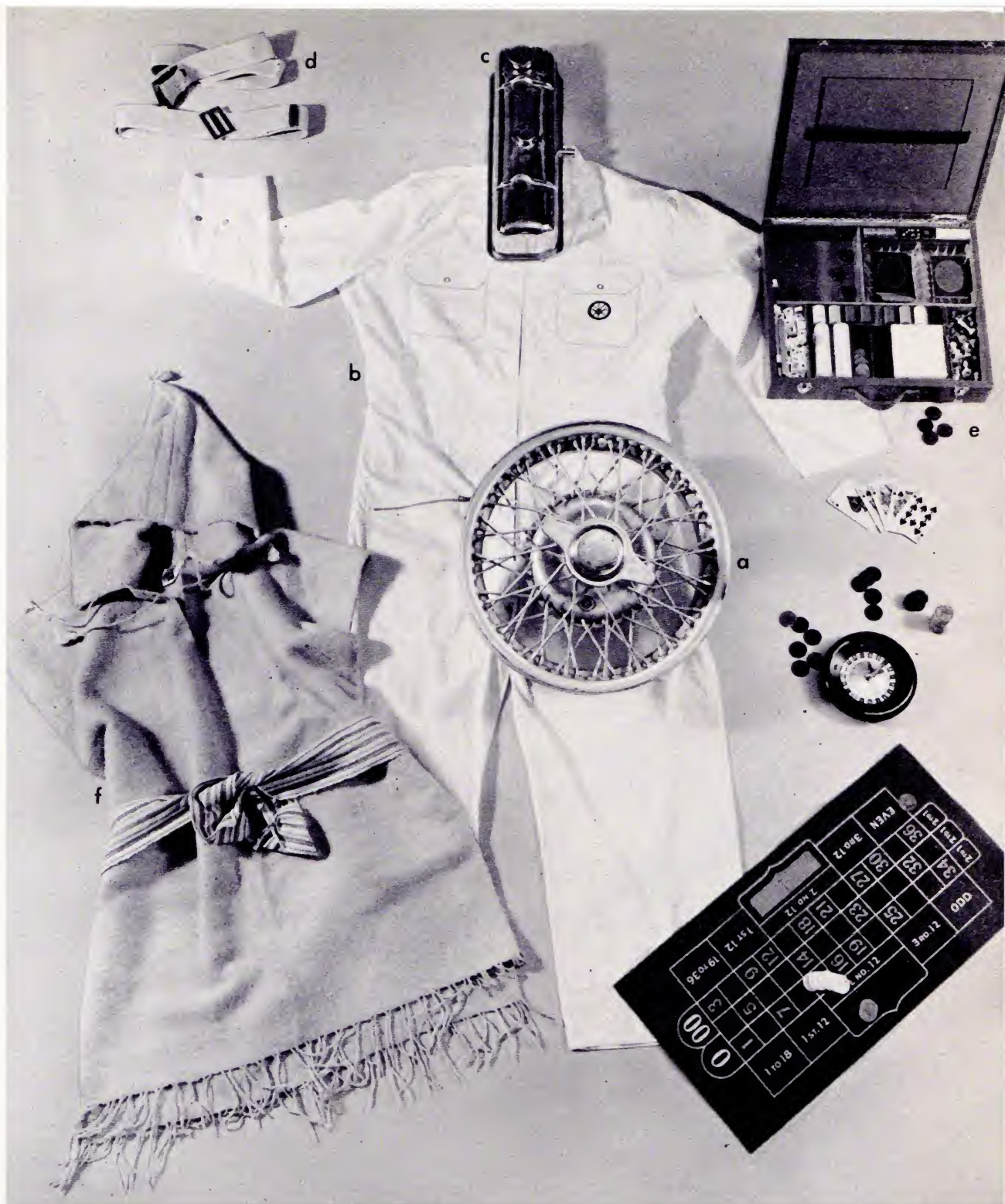
Another I like is "Young Man and a Maid," which has excellent harmonizing in many different languages by Theo Bikel and Cynthia Gooding. These love songs from all over the world are perfect warmer-uppers when "Baby it's cold outside . . ."

"The Exciting Artistry of Will Holt," once you get over the adjectival title, is really fine. A good singer, and one of the best guitarists around, Holt gives a new sound to many old pop favorites. More than any other artist I can think of at the moment, he proves the tremendous versatility of the "git-fiddle" as an instrument for the production of fine music.

And while I'm looking at the "record," you might listen to "Smash Flops," produced by the Pip label. Some sample song titles will give you an idea why this party record has a tendency to give people the giggles. "We're Depending On You, General Custer," "When Amelia Earhart Flies Home," and "Congratulations, Tom Dewey," are typical of what the dust wrapper calls "songs that might have been hits had their timing been a little better."

That about wraps it for now, except that you might keep an eye peeled for the March issue of your favorite magazine, where you'll find such little jimdandies as "Making Lolita -- The Hard Way," "The Seven Year Switch" and "Debt of a Salesman." The long promised pictorial version of "Minnie the Moocher" is in the works and, if it's on film by deadline day, I can promise you a treat. If not, you can be sure The Dude's portfolios will brighten up your beady little eyes as always. . . . b.e.

Gifts for Swingers!



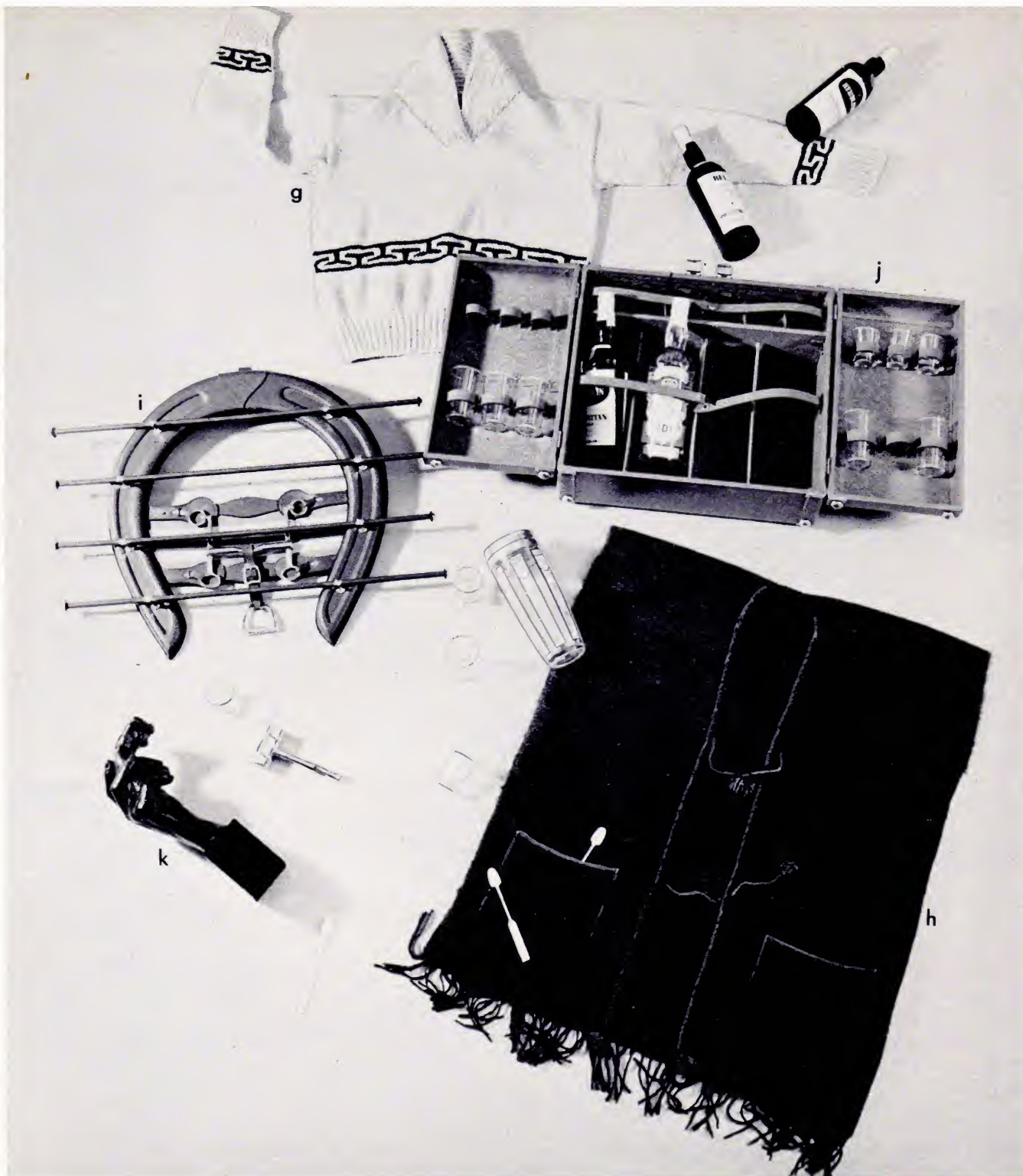
pictorial essay

Promise her nothing! And give her no more than the back of your hand if she doesn't take a hint from these pages. Let her be blest while you receive in this season of mirth, jollity and martinis!

Go no further than the sport car this winter for your outdoor thrills. (a) Genuine Borrani sport car

wheels—set of five for \$250. Or if the wheels you own are good enough, buy one and hang it up in your playroom. (b) Nylon sport car suit. Removable at the proper time, of course. \$18. (c) Austin-Healey modified 100-4 valve cover. Don't let her get this for you unless she's

accustomed to going under the hood. \$25. (d) Hickok Safety Belt. If you must become a statistic, let it be in one of the Kinsey volumes. \$23.90. All above available from MV Motors, Ltd., Mineola, N.Y. (e) Portable gaming set—take this top grain cowhide case along wherever you go. If she wants



to give you a struggle, give her a choice of roulette, dominoes, cards, cribbage, chess, checkers, backgammon, dice or magnetic scrabble. \$80. at T. Anthony and other fine stores. (f) *Capirucho*, hand made in Oaxaca, Mexico. For him or her. Take along one for the both of you and see how many toll gates you can cross. \$30.

For the ever-loving pleasure of indoor living: (g) Hand made wool sweater, from Mexico. Cardigan (\$30) or pull-over (\$25), no two designs alike. (h) *Cotorina*—a brushed wool vest hand made in Teotitlan. \$20. Items f, g and h exclusive to Dude readers from Inca Imports, 225 West 86th Street, New York City; g

and h in assorted colors and sizes. (i) Unique horseshoe tie rack. Made of fine calf grain cowhide, and if your luck doesn't change when you flip your tie on this, better try: (j) Deluxe Bar Case of top grain cowhide, in suntan or ginger. Stainless steel serving tray, 18 gold rimmed glasses, bar caddy and cocktail shak-

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY GALAXY



er. \$125. at Abercrombie & Fitch and other fine stores. (k) "Hand of Rodin." A fine replica of the original bronze sculpture at Washington County Museum of Fine Arts. \$25. at fine department and book stores. If *this* doesn't make its mark on her subconscious, you're left with *The Dude's* holiday best—the bed for Swingers only 



PUSH AND PULL



...or how do you define 'beat'?

humor . . . PETER KIRKLAND

There was an uptown Push named Wanda, and what the hundred bucks did to Dug, I did to Wanda. Or she did it to me. I'm not really sure.

You can hire some beats for one hundred dollars. Lots of uptown people do; it's fashionable. Dug Phin lost his virtue for that hundred bucks; that is, if you see the beat life as virtuous.

The mob shaped up in the Ash Grove, which is really the only place these things can start. Dug Phin had

a contract for six beats to act uncouth at a party in a rich doctor's place uptown.

You could tell Dug was looking for recruits by the way he rushed into the Ash Grove unshaven and in his genuine burlap sports jacket and dirty chino pants. A few quick nods at various characters sitting in the booths and he had the crew he needed: Foggy Wilma, who painted schizophrenic-type ball-of-fire canvases on account of she thought she

was schizophrenic; Humming Hohbee who hummed like new-progressive jazz and muttered Walt Whitman-type poetry between bars (only not *exactly* like Walt's stuff); Lucky Pierre, the young Frenchman in the faded green leather beret, double-heeled shoes and padded jockstrap; one decent clean-cut American type; and, naturally, Hal, whom Dug spotted trying to sneak into the ladies' john.

Hal really was Helen, but she was dressed like a telegraph messenger with no make-up and her hair stuffed into the cap. She always told the uptowns that the Hal bit made the little things in life, like going to the ladies' room, a real adventure. So Hal (or Helen, depending on how you looked at it) came along.

We had the Salesman with us, too. You didn't have to invite him—he was always right there any time Dug made uptown—and the Salesman was worth having along.

The clean-cut type, of course, was me. In my way I'm the beat-est guy in the crowd, only I don't show it. For me, life is real "They'll-drop-the-atom-bomb-so-what-the-hell." Still, Dug always wants me along; I'm the background eye, you might say. When it's a Type One party, I'm the Pull the stiffs go to when they want the words to the music. So, I tell them what's real with Pierre, Hal, the Salesman and so on, and they go away happy and leave me stuffing and looking for a new uptown Push, preferably with some income on account of like, I'm broke.

It's a good thing it was a Type Two party because I'd been a lonely Pull every night since my old Push went noble and got a job with the Save-the-American-Indian-from-Zen Foundation, or something like that.

These Type Two parties are the best. The uptowns at the Type Ones just sit and look and try to be friends, like we were the American Indians and they were my old Push, being noble. But that was no problem this night. These uptowns wanted IN like sick.

Me, Dug and the others read the vibrations as soon as we made the door—and we played along. First thing, we went for the food like we were hungry, like we were! When the uptowns saw us eating, they ate. It became a race to see how fast you could stuff your face and clean out the food and liquor.

It didn't matter we were hungry

and the uptowns not. The party was ON all of a sudden as Dug planted a 78 r.p.m. Arab love song on the phonograph. That record played loud and all night but, the kind of a party it was, nobody complained.

Right off, Hal started to make the women. They didn't squeal and run off; they just wet their lips and kept listening, trying to find out what it was like to be propositioned by "one-of-them." You could see from that alone that it was a Type Two party.

By this time I had my new Push spotted; she was the doctor's receptionist and she was filling my ear with how she was trying to find meaning in life, only the way she always said it, what she hunted was MEANING in LIFE; like it was easy to find, like SALAMI in a DELICATESSEN. She said she'd do anything, go anywhere, to find what she wanted. So, I told her to stick with me for a while and maybe learn something from me, Dug and the other philosophers from the Ash Grove.

"Now you take Wilma," I started . . .

"That's what my boss thinks," she interrupted. "Look!"

So we looked. Her boss was all over the place with drinks for everybody, trying to catch Wilma. He'd been doing that dancing all over the place ever since Wilma walked up to him backward and started shoving like she was backing through a friendly, half-jammed subway turnstile. Now he was trying to walk up on Wilma; but, being an uptown, he had to carry the drinks so he could accidentally stumble onto her.

Wilma's rump was the life of the party. The doctor had competition; a lot of guys were following Wilma, trying to stumble just right. My new Push, Wanda, tried to watch everything. I guessed she was still looking for Meaning. So I tried communication.

"You married?"

The room went quiet when she lifted up her left hand to show me there was no ring. Only it wasn't Wanda, they were watching, it was Hohbee as he got up to read his poetry. Actually, he came up off the floor for a special reason—to take down his pants. Hohbee reads better with his pants around his ankles. He squatted down and started:

"It's a sewer. A culture sewer . . .

And I'm just passing through.

Just passing down. No culture.

Nothing but muck luck, muck luck. MUCK—you hear? You muck, you. . ."

Hohbee shouted that last bit and the uptowns started giggling and looking happy like they usually do at Hohbee's stuff. With my luck, only my Push, Wanda, didn't like it. Real cold, she turned and asked me, "I thought you said you Beats had the Answer. Something to offer. Do you mean that . . .?"

She said "that . . . ?" like she was disgusted, like she had no more faith in me. So, I faked it.

"Nah, wait. MEANING isn't so easy to come by. Anyway, you listen to Hohbee—now comes the Walt Whitman."

Hohbee took his eyes off his navel and started again:

"Too late! It's all washed away.

You did it to me, you flushers,

You washed them away . . .

I moan, I groan, I cry, I beg of you!

Where are they? The ones who made

the Beat heart beat . . . beat . . .

beat:

The happy hump, the dirt-eater

schitz

the pervert with his whip, singing as the horns blew sad. And the still quill

of the writer-who-didn't-write-

crud, or eat.

I sing of the fairy, finger in dike—saving the low, low, lowlands from ? ? ?

From YOU! you crud, you tide tidy ocean

Ocean? You? You flushed it all away.

It's your sewer AND YOU'RE S***"

So Hohbee screamed what they were, pulled up his pants and went back to his couch with a tray of food. It all urped me—my new Push looked like she had her mind made up, like for me that was bad. Like maybe she'd go look for Meaning somewhere else.

I contemplated the problem. This Push, Wanda, had a body like everything and she was the kind I could talk to, too. But one thing was sure—Dug and us hired Beats left her nowhere. It was sad.

Wanda was the only uptown in the place who wasn't trying to mix. In fact, she wasn't even doing a Type One and looking us over like the cats

behind the small window in the cat-house ceiling.

For her, I was so far out I wasn't there, but for me Wanda was real—and you don't get many real ones at these dollar sign parties—and I didn't want to lose her. But Dug's bunch, including me, has ethics and the big rule of these things is "Never Open Up," never let the uptowns know they're being took two ways.

"Well, I'll tell you, Wanda," I hedged, "it's, um, a little different than you might think."

"I don't know," she shook her head as she pulled away a little, "I don't know, look at them." She stopped as one of the uptown women, happy drunk, tried to hog the spotlight.

This Push stood up and gave a short, sharp shriek to quiet the place. Then she walked over to Pierre and said, like real clever, "Take me to your leader!"

The rest of the uptowns laughed loud; they loved it. Like one of them was scoring. Pierre sort of laughed too—he'd been waiting for this; it happened every time at a Type Two.

Everybody watched the old Push and Pierre, so Dug had no trouble slipping into the john. Pierre didn't let on he'd seen Dug; instead he gallantly took the woman's arm, continental style, with a little bow, and led her out of the room to where Dug lurked.

"So, madame, you want to be a Beat?" Dug's voice carried out as Pierre went back to the couch and the young Push he'd been massaging above her knees to help her "contemplate" better, Zen style.

"Yes, my leader," the dame giggled as the john door closed. We waited. "Ahhh," she wheezed, loud enough to be heard over the moaning Arab love song and through the john door. A little giggle sounded inside, then we heard Dug's "Testing: 1, 2, 3, 4." Right after, the old Push came out—with a big smile.

Wanda was fascinated. She was so curious she even moved back to where I could feel her beside me: ankle, knee, hip, shoulder and, I think, her breast, but I didn't want to look down and let on I was interested.

"Please," she blinked seriously at me, "what happened to her in there? Did Dug do something? Show me."

"Show you?" I shook my head like a friend. "You wouldn't like it and,

anyway, I can't even tell you about it. Us Beats got ethics and that act's the big thing every time, for you uptowns I mean. Look!"

Wanda stared as the next uptown Push, unable to get the full story from the dowager who had just come out of the john, went up to Pierre to find out for herself. "Take me," she said brave-like, "to your leader."

"Show me," Wanda demanded. She was whispering but it was an order.

"Hell, let Dug show you," I said; "he's the 'leader.' I'm just a nothing-nothing Beat who can't even tell you how to find 'Meaning' or whatever it is you're looking for. Dug's bit is just the uptown initiation ceremony for honorary Beats—go ask him."

She moved in closer. "You can show me. Go ahead, I won't attract attention."

I gave in. Us beats got ethics—but Wanda had a chest that was just so, solid medium, the best kind. "Okay," I jerked my head to indicate she should come over out of the way with me.

Wanda stood straight and smiled as I asked, "You sure you want to be a Beat?" I knew she did, so I slipped a hand over each of her breasts as I talked. "Now, the examination."

My Wanda was a terrific Push. She didn't like it but she wouldn't fuss, like she promised. "Testing," I said, as I gave the warm, gentle squeeze she needed. I kissed her and then pulled my head back to say "... 2 ...," kissed her again, "... 3 ...," again. "... 4 ...," again, this time kissing her hard and long.

She responded all right, but she walked away after that fourth kiss and I couldn't get near her again all night. I mean she was mad and I wouldn't have had a chance with her even if the fight hadn't started.

It wasn't much of a hassle. It's just that the Salesman was doing too good. Soon as he was sure it was a right Type Two with everybody, he'd been letting on that he didn't exactly sell paper cups. "Contraceptives and reefers," he whispered to an anxious guy near me, "for the 'ins' and the 'outs.'"

It made sense to the uptowns; it was one of the things they expected for the hundred bucks they were paying Dug. They fell all over themselves to get to the Salesman and

push a buck per reefer into his hands. Of course, what they were getting was cubeb, a harmless herb people used to smoke for head colds—but to them it was the real thing.

And they acted like it had them by the toes. First thing, the doctor and his friends started running around dropping ice cubes down each others' backs—which is the way uptowns show they're 'far out.' Then their uptown Pushes pulled off their own and each other's clothing, in a game like—until it was 'underwear only' on the Pushes and big ideas with the uptown Pulls. Then the Pulls started hassling.

Pathetic! All this on liquor and a little cubeb—it just proves the Beat point, although I'm not sure what point that is, exactly.

Dug, me and the rest scened-out. The uptowns didn't need us any more, they had the message. Wanda wasn't around. I'd sort of hoped to see her prance around in her underwear like the rest of the uptown chicklets, but I should have known better. After that, "Testing: 1, 2, 3, 4" bit, Wanda must've split real soft, so no one noticed her go.

So, it was back to the Ash Grove, this time with loot in our fingers, since Dug and the Salesman always pay up prompt.

I was sad about my new uptown Push not working out, but I got used to it, sort of, and started a social evening talking with a couple of girls and their friends, all poets or something. We just about all fit into one of those cramped little booths the Ash Grove supplies practically free of charge, since nobody there has money, except, like maybe the party money I just collected.

Suddenly I hear, "You louse!" and look up. It's my Wanda from that party; there she is—real.

"You louse!" she repeated as I got up with my big smile and led her to the bar. "You louse, you gave—you know—out after I left. Don't you realize my boss is a doctor. He could lose his license if it ever got out he gave a tea party. And the other people there have decent, respectable jobs—a couple are with the Government. They only came to the party to *look* at Beats; they didn't want to *do* anything. They'll all be dead if it gets out. You louse!"

Wanda bit her lip as I handed her the beer. She was all tensed up, but

there was something about the way she said things . . .

"You louse! I even thought I liked you. You louse!"

"Aha," I thought silently, "the Clue."

"Wanda," I said firmly, "you still like me. That's why you keep calling me a louse. One 'You're a Louse' is enough. But six times? You like me," I assured her.

Wanda tried to act like she was ignoring what I said but I could see it meant something from the way her voice changed when she asked me, real gentle, "Why'd you do that to my boss? He'll lose his license over that . . ." She dropped her voice, then put her lips right against my ear as she whispered, ". . . over that marijuana you passed around." Then her lip touched my ear.

Since she was so close from whispering, I kept her that way by moving in so the bar and me sort of surrounded her; but I did it real subtle, like.

"Bless your pointed little head, Wanda. All those uptown phonies are smoking is little old cubeb. Cubeb is what they used to give small boys to cure colds and sniffles. Those uptowns all wanted to act nuts, the girls wanted to go naked, so they did. But they did it on liquor and bluff. That cubeb wouldn't excite a mosquito."

Wanda relaxed and grinned like a prize winner at Atlantic City. "Honest?"

"Honest." I pulled her arm, letting her wriggle the rest of her through the crowd so they could feel that I had a good thing. "This," I said, waving at the Salesman, "is Roger Dange, the peddler and, also, a good architect when he finishes school. Roger, my boy," I asked, giving him the 'straight talk' look, "unburden this child."

"So," the Salesman finished, to Wanda, a minute later, "now you know. Cubeb in brown paper. I never sold marijuana in my life—as a matter of fact, I've never smoked it. It's not for architects; it kills creativity."

"Aaaaah!" muttered the other guy at the table. The girl waved him quiet. Wanda, I could see, was amazed that the girl was good old Hal from the party. Only now she had her hair flowing down and she looked pretty ordinary with lipstick and all. What's more, you could tell it was

her boy friend she was with—the guy who said "Aaaaah."

"The weed's no good for writers, either," Hal said indignantly, like the architect was leaving her out of what's creative and what isn't.

The Salesman sneered. "I'm an architect; writers can smoke poison for all it matters. I'm talking about Creativity; that's architecture. Writing is hack!"

"Aaaaah," muttered Hal's boy friend as he shut his eyes.

Wanda pulled me away from the booth. "What's going on? The Salesman doesn't sell and Hal wears lipstick . . . and she has a boy friend. What's it all Mean?"

"Mean?" I looked at her funny-like. "You looking for Meaning at the Ash Grove? Better off in the delicatessen."

"That's for salami," Wanda played back at me like she was ashamed she took us all for Nowheres.

"You," my new Push said gently, "are a phoney. You're all phonies."

She wasn't really mad so I looked hurt and outraged. "To *you*, we're phoney, to *us*, we're real. Hal is Helen; and maybe she was far out once, but she has a boy friend and she needs money so she can write. Her guy has nothing but talent—like the Salesman—and Wilma, she's a painter—and me . . ." I made like I was downtrodden.

"If you want real people," I added firmly, "go find Lucky Pierre and Dug. Pierre might even get to be a good musician, a horn blower, if he can get his mind back on it. Go talk to Dug—our Leader—that's what you uptowns did to him. He used to be a good sculptor. Now Dug and Pierre go for the real things, like money."

"The rest of us go along to eat, drink and make a few bucks. We act that way uptown . . . well, to get what we need."

All of a sudden, Hohbee is standing with us, just when Wanda says to me, "Hmmm, that leaves Hohbee and you. Well, what are you?" Her face was real curious and interested, as if I wasn't mad at her at all.

"I," Hohbee announced loud and clear, "am a poet. I am good; good enough to write hogwash for hogs, when I have to."

"Oink," goes Wanda as Hohbee walks away. She did the "oink" to show Hohbee he made his point and

that she knows she's got a lot to learn about all of us. It's funny, but I really could tell all that from the way Wanda said, "Oink."

"I'm the only real Beat in the crowd," I told her as I pretended to slip away along the bar. "I don't know what I want. You can stay here and go Beat; I'm going home."

Wanda smiled. It was real slow and sort of exciting. "I can't go Beat," she decided, with a pout, "on account of I suddenly know what I want."

"But," she added, funny-like, "I could act that way to get what I need—like you people do."

Then, while I'm thinking about this, she moves in real close. This time it's her pressing *me* to the bar. It was a terrific feeling—all warm, sexy and alive. Then she pulled back for a moment. Wanda's face was blank but her lips were moving as she moved in against me for the second time . . . the third time . . . then the fourth time—real long and hard like it should be. That's when I heard what she was saying to herself—so, I took her to my place.

". . . but no more uptown parties," Wanda said as she pulled me back and wiggled about so she could bend her legs around each other. "They're not dignified for a good painter like you."

"Okay. We'll get part-time jobs, or something. Suits me, just so long as I have you between the sheets."

"You know something," I added as we waited for things to happen, "it's a good thing I heard you say, 'Testing: 1, 2, 3, 4.' I couldn't make you out at first with all your talk about looking for Meaning."

"I found it," Wanda said simply.

"Hmm, well anyway, then I remembered you said you could act Beat to get what you need—like maybe 'Testing: 1, 2, 3, 4?' Huh?"

Wanda grinned and purred. "You passed the test—and I found Meaning. But that was just a test for your bachelor's degree. Let's try you on postgraduate work! Come, be my master, doctor!"

We both passed the postgraduate test and the whole thing got more and more Meaning. But, then, why surprise? Recruits make the best Beats it's like it is . . . you know what I mean?



GENTLEMEN, BE SATISFIED

(continued from page 28)

Yes, Philip admitted to himself, as he stood on the street in front of Miss Jones's apartment, hailing a cab, it had not been willing but it had been delightful. He did not think Miss Jones would call the police. She might call her hairdresser—but the police? Philip laughed aloud and felt tall and powerful—and young, in a way he had not felt when he had been young.

That afternoon he phoned John Brim.

Brim had been correct. Philip had simply walked into the shop where Ruth Wembly was employed and she had greeted him effusively. In person, she was far lovelier than in Brim's photographs. Her face was mobile and sensual, from the large, teasing eyes to the silken, pouting mouth. Her body fairly burst—in all the right places—from the severe, tailored suit she wore. Philip invited her to dinner, where he wooed her with his eyes and conversation as their feet and knees touched, parted and re-entwined beneath the table.

Finally she said, "Let's go to your place, Philip—for a nightcap." She laughed deliciously.

In the cab, he teased: "Just one tiny nightcap, my dear?"

"Well, maybe three or more," she meowed contentedly, adjusting her body to his caresses.

The music, soft lights, wine and appropriate pictures he usually reserved for such occasions were not required. Upon closing the door, she was in his arms with an ardor that equalled his own, and for a moment he was frightened. But his spirits rallied. With Brim's rejuvenation, he was certain that he would be more than a match for a platoon of such ardent females. He led Ruth to the bedroom.

All that night, they combined their talents. As dawn invaded the bedroom, she smiled roguishly and held out her arms again. Philip felt slightly depressed, but he smiled and met her embrace and howls of adoration. In early evening, Philip asked, "When do we dine?"

"Who needs anything more than this?" she replied, and wooed him again. He sighed, and a tear squeezed out from her eye.

"You don't like me," she stated.

"Of course, I like you."

"I haven't given you enough pleasure, then."

"You've provided more than enough," he answered.

"Prove it," she demanded.

He did. But by night of the second day, he was numb from passion. His body granted every demand of his—or hers—but his will to make love waned, while hers seemed to be re-born, like the phoenix, from the ashes of each encounter. By the time the sun was well below the horizon, he knew that he had failed the test, that she had consumed him.

"What manner of devil are you?"

"No devil, just flesh and blood, like you," she said serenely.

"Not like me."

"There's nothing wrong with your body. It's your attitude," she complained.

"The flesh is willing," he said foolishly, "but the spirit is weak."

"You make terrible jokes," she said angrily and rose from the bed. "You *have* had enough, you silly old goat," she said.

Philip was so weary of her that he did not reply to her insults. He watched gratefully as she dressed, and never had he been so happy to see the object of his lust depart, taking with her all fragrances and memories, except that of defeat. He stared into the darkness. What had happened? Why had he failed when his body was still strong? Was a man's will, as well as body, weaker than a woman's? Was that John Brim's diabolical wisdom? It did not matter. Nothing mattered any more. He had played the game and lost. He stared into a bleak future of foreclosure and ruin . . .

The room was small and intimate. Scarlet-colored drapes shut out the sunlight. A single ceiling light provided illumination. A door at one end of the room was opened, and a tall, slender man with pointed chin whiskers entered.

"Ladies, be sated," he said.

Ruth Wembly smiled.

OO

THE DUDE



"I'd like to propose a toast, to a man whom we all owe a deep debt of gratitude . . . Alexander Graham Bell!"

RIOT AT GLUEPORT

(continued from page 40)

ing things. Nugatory treasures like sewer covers, shrunk heads, dirty post cards with uncanceled stamps and Egyptian obelisks. Now she was on a name-collecting addiction. She vowed that if I didn't get her new names, she'd cancel my subscription to *Downbeat*. With this threat firmly in mind, I ventured into the musician's tent armed with pencil and paper.

Everybody and his brother was inside the tent (they were both poll winners at last year's Festival, you may recall) and the place was a maelstrom of varying activities. Standing on his head in the center arena was that mystical newcomer from India, Omar Kyham, charming a few cobras with his charming clarinet. Ensconced next to Omar was Oscar Outhouse, the talented trombonist. His would certainly be a name worth having for mother. You probably have seen Oscar in such pictures as *The Woody Herman Story*, *The Louie Armstrong Story*, *The Gene Krupa Story* and *The Son of Gene Krupa Story*. He recently returned from Hollywood after the completion of his latest picture, *The Return of King Farouk*, which stars Tuesday Weld, Pancho Gonzales and Rin Tin Tin.

Also in the musician's tent were *The Count*, *The Duke*, *The King* and *The Queen*. Jacks were wild, of course. But they played anyway. Kibitzing along the sidelines were Wild Bill, Sam The Man, Harry The Horse and Peg Foo Young, a lavishly pretty pianist, who also operates a prosperous after-hours mah-jong-litchi-nut emporium in the Bronx.

The high point of the second concert was the debut of a much touted group from Sweden, directed by Sven Zwtptlgsp. You probably know Sven Zwtptlgsp better as Dag Qjyudken. He told me backstage, between sets of *Bloody Marys*, that he changed his name because he got tired of people kidding him about it. He got positively livid when people insisted on calling him Dagma.

When Sven's group first got on stage, they indulged in a little horseplay. But after all the bets were in, they got down to business. What wonderfully talented and inventive performers this Zwtptlgsp directs.

The moods his group created on stage ranged from thunderous jubilation through pixyish humor to quiet reflection. As an off-Broadway effort, the performance had much to commend it, but it is my considered opinion that it will never make the scene in New York.

I was told later that the Zwtptlgsp players were something in the way of a spontaneous experiment and were, in fact, last minute replacements for a Tibetan group by the name of The Four Fryers, who happened to chicken out at the last minute somewhere east of Lowell Thomas.

The M.C. next introduced a new canary by the name of Beverly Hills. Of course, that was just her professional name. Her real name was Savanna Georgia. Beverly was really luscious, if you know what I mean. (And if you don't know what I mean, you'd better turn your I.D. card over to your embalmer.) She had a face like Gina, a figure like Jayne, and hair the color of mine, charcoal gray and turquoise. Her voice, on the other hand was a bit more difficult to describe. It sounded something like Louie with laryngitis.

While she was gargling on stage, her agent was passionately devoted to circulating her biography through the audience. From what I could gather, her only kinship with anything approaching music can be traced to one Aunt Macon, a remarkable ancestor of Bev's who has long since justified her place in history by having discovered the lost chord.

I suspected very strongly that a bit of political pressure was brought to bear on the Festival committee to include Beverly in this year's concert. Her father, a prominent manufacturer of red tape, is one of Washington's most influential citizens and patrons of the arts.

Beverly's repertoire consisted largely of little known Inca fertility rites and Swahili battle cries. The latter are usually sung by the natives of Zanzibar on about the 15th of April each year. The lyrics are compressed basically of vitriolic expressions and exceptionally dirty words which are hurled uninhibitedly at the local tax collector as he makes his appointed rounds.

They did a live pickup of Bev's performance at the Festival. The applause, in particular, was splendidly recorded. So was the hot-dog

vendor, who, I understand, was signed up for a long-term contract with the Los Angeles Rams for his spectacular display of broken-field running during the Festival.

The last concert of the Festival was undoubtedly the best. Chico was there. So were Groucho and Harpo, both of whom were invited as guest soloists by the Budapest String Quartet. Unfortunately, the Quartet happened to be playing Carnegie Hall on the same evening. But the boys had a ball for themselves anyway. Harpo, as usual, was a particular cut-up. He insisted on getting into a drag race with a number of sport car buffs, and I'll be damned if he didn't win. His harp was really souped up. It hit about 120 on the straightaway. But luckily none of the victims was seriously injured.

Also in concert on this last night of the Festival were some of the most polished pros in the business. There was the Jules Fink Trio, with Sabu on drums; there were the modern sounds of that fabulous West Coast carpenter—Penny Nails—who did a bang-up job on vibes; the eerie Oriental mood music of Rick Shaw and his eerie and moody orchestra and finally, at 11:30, Stan himself.

For an hour and a half, Stan and his big band (all the sidemen are over six feet this season) held the audience breathless as they performed feats of daring and defied death itself on the high wires. Stan introduced his new composition—"Concerto for Timid Trapeze Performers"—for the assemblage with marked success. Shelly Girl's 15-minute drum solo appeared to excite the base emotions of most of the audience. One frenzied fan mounted a charge to the stage, yelling: "Stop beating those drums, man. They must be dead by now!" This fanatical, though misguided, humanitarian, ignited all the animal passions of the crowd. Before the concert was over, there were twelve casualties, including two stabbings, one lynching, a number of muggings and four fist fights. Stan, himself, was burned in effigy. This, too, I felt was the true spirit of the Jazz Festival . . . well, perhaps not of the Festival itself but it was most assuredly the spirit of Glueport, where things are always bound to get a bit sticky.

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THE ERRANT BRIDE

(continued from page 37)

Shel just glanced up briefly but didn't say anything. She was a small woman, a youngish thirty-five, built somewhat on the stocky side, with straight, close-cropped hair. She was wearing blue brocaded culottes and a white long-sleeved silk blouse for the wedding.

"Shel . . ." Rita sat down next to her on the leather-covered couch. They were in one of the town hall's antechambers, a big, high-ceilinged room that evidently served also as a study, for its glass-enclosed bookcases were filled with legal tomes. "Do you think I'm doing right, Shel?"

"We've been through this before. You're doing it, aren't you?"

"That's no answer."

Shel was finished with her sewing now. She draped Rita's dress over the back of the couch, careful not to wrinkle it. "You know what I think of your chances of making it," she said, putting the needle and thread back in the overnight case. She poured a little cognac into her coffee and swished it around.

Rita leaned back, her eyes closed, her long, supple legs propped up in front of her. "I think I can make it," she said with a sigh. "I think I can," she repeated, as if trying to convince herself.

Someone tried the handle of the door; it was locked. "Rita," a woman called out.

"She's not ready yet," Shel yelled back.

"That sounded like my aunt," Rita said.

"Let her wait," Shel said.

Suddenly Rita jumped up from the couch, paced aimlessly about and finally went to the piano. She stood over its keyboard, picking out a few random notes. From the small window overhead came a shaft of sunlight which fell all around her, making her slim, shapely body stand out in silhouette through her diaphanous and lacy slip.

Shel had followed her to the piano. She was standing right behind her. "You can still back out if you want to," she said. "There's still time."

Rita gave a toss of her head; the pleated braid of her topknotted black hair swung out free and then dropped back against the creaminess of her bare shoulders. "I don't want to back out," she said without turning. "You

know why. I must try. At least once." Her fingers strayed over the keyboard again. Then she put a hand to the back of her neck and arched and flexed her whole body.

"What's the matter?"

"It's my neck. All my nerves are bunched up like a fist. I'm getting a headache."

"Sit down. I'll give you a massage."

A group of people passed in the corridor outside, talking and laughing happily.

"There's no time. It's almost two—"

"There's plenty of time. Since when do weddings start on time?"

Rita sat down, crossed her arms on the headboard of the piano and cradled her face on them. Shel stood over her, at first just gently stroking Rita's sensuous flesh with her fingertips, then slowly applying more pressure. Soon her strong fingers were cupped around Rita's shoulders, kneading and massaging the muscles and nerve ends with a steady, undulating rhythm. "Oh your hands are so good, Shel," Rita sighed. "They've always been so good. Always . . ."

Shel moved closer. Her hands slid down the length of Rita's spine, fingers pressing lightly here and there, then returning to the symmetrical neck, then sweeping firmly across her back and down under her armpits.

Now Rita loosed a deep, low moan.

Shel's hands kept moving. Circularly. Lovingly.

"O Shel—you'd better stop now," Rita cried out.

"You don't want me to stop."

"Please—not here—"

Shel's hands kept moving. They expertly found their way to flesh which strained and throbbed at their familiar and tantalizing touch.

Rita put a hand to her mouth, stifled the cry that was coming out of her. Then, suddenly, she spun around and jerked her arms up toward Shel.

Soon the room was silent. There was no sound but their sharp, frantic breathing.

Later, when it was all over—the wedding, the reception, everything—Rita had her first moment of being alone with her husband. They had just slipped into his car; he was behind the wheel, about to shift into gear and drive away from the hall. He looked over and gave her a tender smile. "I must tell you this, darling," he said. "It was the greatest moment in my life to see you coming toward me all in white and so radiant and full of joy. I was immensely proud that you could feel so good about marrying me."

"Oh?"

"And what's more I felt equally glad that I had listened to you. You were right. I'm glad we waited. I'm glad you wouldn't let me have my way. And I know you were glad, too. It was there in your eyes."

Rita was looking out the side window. She could see Shel standing on the steps of the town hall. Without taking her eyes off her friend, Rita said slowly, "Yes, I was glad. I was very glad."

Moments later they were on their way, off to their honeymoon.

OO

GIVE HER ANYTHING . . .



but get yourself the March issue of the Dude. Nowhere else will you find Marvin Kitman's report on "The Edifice Complex . . ." On sale at all newsstands January 10th, 1961.

SAVILE ROW

(continued from page 46)

to the hounds on their country estate. When he finished his schooling he kept on hobnobbing with the nobs and, by the example of his own beautifully cut clothes, led them one by one into his father's shop for fittings. When Poole, Sr., died, happy and wealthy, in 1845, young Henry took over and made the shop into something of an exclusive club for his aristocratic friends.

He also enlarged the premises, turning the former carriage entrance into the main front door. This meant customers no longer came in from Old Burlington Street but, instead, entered from the Savile Row side.

Up until that time Savile Row had been a street of exclusive doctors. When the class-conscious medical men realized they had been joined by a tailor, they sold their houses and fled—to Harley Street. The vacated dwellings were quickly snapped up by other top London tailors. They didn't love Poole as a competitor, but they knew that where he went, there went the business.

Henry Poole was a devotee of good conversation and fine wine. He provided plenty of both for many of the wealthy young bloods who formed the habit of gathering at his comfortable shop after their morning canter through nearby Hyde Park. There amid the dark oak paneling and classic Grecian statues they would relax over their thin cigars and good port and josh amiably as one or another of their number would be measured for half a dozen suits. The atmosphere was one of convivial nobility—a good deal of which has been retained to this day.

Poole died in 1876, leaving a fortune of \$350,000 and a firmly fixed

tradition of gentility and good workmanship. His shop is still one of the most dignified, and one of the best, in the Savile Row district. Gone, unfortunately, is the free wine and cigar tradition, but the mid-Victorian quality of quiet refinement remains intact. It does in the rest of the tailor shops in and around Savile Row, too, at least partly because the tailors all realize that that's what visitors from overseas expect when they visit London and come to this inner sanctum of men's tailoring.

Because so many of their European customers have been wiped out by revolutions and property taxes, the tailors of Savile Row have come to depend increasingly on custom from abroad. But just as their need for new business has become greater, the competition for it has become fiercer. Exclusive men's clothiers in Paris and Rome have also lost many of their own dukes and barons and are anxious to replace them with brokers and industrialists from North America. The French and Italian designers have been working hard to win top place in world tailoring away from London. They've been having some success, too.

Faced with this crisis, the pundits of Savile Row have floundered a bit in the past two or three years. But at an emergency meeting held a few weeks ago they took a decision that may well win them back their supremacy. It will likely alter the cut of your next suit, too, even if you don't plan to visit London.

What they've elected to do, these most exclusive of bespoke tailors, is co-operate with the British Menswear Guild and other ready-to-wear groups in a concerted promotion of London styling. This will mean that stores all the way from Tokyo to Washington may soon be featuring rack suits based on designs by men who also design for the most fashionable people in the world.

After a preview of some of these British garments at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York last fall, one well known U.S. fashion expert reported: "More attention is being directed toward London as a source for ideas in clothes. American designers are watching these developments."

What will the London line look like? We'll have to wait until the autumn showings to be certain, but this much has leaked out. Jackets will be slightly shorter and waists will be

a bit higher. Lapels may not get wider but they'll stop getting narrower. Trousers will tend to be made without cuffs—which are a fairly recent invention anyway. Generally, the London Line will be rather mid-Atlantic. Not as close fitting as Englishmen wear, not quite as loose as has been popular in America.

None of this means that you'll be able to buy a real Savile Row suit anywhere but in Savile Row. The honest craftsmen here don't believe in styles of the moment anyway. They feel that the cut of your coat, the height of your trousers, and so on, should depend entirely on your own figure. Working on this basis, and with a minimum of padding or squeezing, they can make the pottiest and most hollow chested of us look trim, erect and gentlemanly. They can do it at a surprisingly low cost, too. Average price for a suit is \$160, which is about half that of a comparable garment in New York.

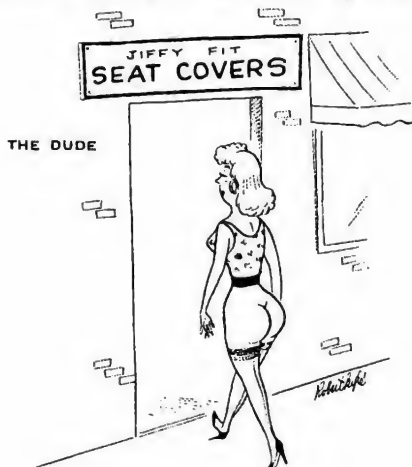
Part of the Savile Rowers' success in working with the male frame is due to their distaste for sewing machines. Tailors sitting cross-legged with the cloth stretched over their knees curve the material to fit body contours in a way no machine can ever manage. The rest of the story is in the fitters' years of experience, the long apprenticeships served by the cutters and stitchers and the fact that the owner himself can very likely do any of these jobs superbly well.

It's no longer *essential* to be introduced by a known customer before you can cross the hallowed thresholds of Savile Row. Most shops will accept you even if they don't know you—provided you can convince them you are a serious man of quiet good taste.

Within a day of the first fitting, however, they will have checked the reference they've asked you for and will know more about your background than your banker does. To further protect their reputation, they will ask you to remove all labels before you give your suit away to your valet—which, of course, you are expected to do after a year or two. One tailor told me about being called in by the police to identify a corpse that had turned up in a gutter wearing a suit bearing his shop's label.

"Of course I didn't know him," the tailor said. "It was a suit he'd been given by one of our people."

It was clear from his tone that



"Our People" would never be so ill-bred as to die in the street. That would be contrary to the genteel traditions of Savile Row.

∞

THE NICEST WAY POSSIBLE

(continued from page 16)

at the two objects, cheap and worn and beaten, lying together on the bed, she began to think.

No, there was no hope for her. But she began to wonder if in one direction might lie less hope than in another. Nick's direction.

She packed. She didn't telephone the drive-in to say that she was quitting. She intended only to be absent without leave for as long as it took, perhaps only a single night. She hoped Maureen, strong and good, wouldn't return until after she had fled the apartment. She didn't want to say goodbye and maybe she could find the words to explain when she came back. The first thing she packed, under her few clothes, was the longest and sharpest kitchen knife.

She knew a little about perverse practices. That much she had learned during her so-called initiation. Nick and she would be bound to be in bed together, eventually. And just as eventually, if he was flesh and blood, he would sleep.

Then she would kill him with the kitchen knife. After that, she would go to the police and tell them the whole story.

Maybe they would believe her and maybe they wouldn't. She didn't know where Mrs. Carey, her former "patron," stood in all this but she could count on Maureen to support her as best she could. And maybe there were others like herself who would dare to come forward, once Nick was dead.

Maybe she would get only token punishment on some sort of manslaughter charge—provided Nick Riblow could be slaughtered—maybe even less of a fall than she'd taken on her shoplifting rap.

Anything was better than Nick and all she could do was try. It was hell being on parole.

∞

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MYRÓN THE SEXNIK

(continued from page 10)

Happiness made Myron want to melt into a gooie substance. His mind was crackling, his groin twitching. He was almost catatonic in thrill.

He suddenly realized that the glowing spots blipping in his vision were not from defective retinas. The room walls were painted sewer-black and decorated with phosphorescent hand and footprints starting from the floor and scrambling to the ceiling. Phantasmagoric, Myron thought—then quickly translated his thought into Beat. It's too much—like crazy. The ceiling was painted in stark colors to form a cathedral mosaic. The long room divider was a genuine sardine fishing net. Myron felt his arm poked and turned to see Gringo Bo, a hollow-faced youth with a silver thumb-tack pierced into his earlobe, his tufty beard cleft by a smile. "Take the scene in, man. Is it cool or is it cool?"

Myron kept himself from bourgeoisly asking, "What's new, Gringo Bo?" He merely shrugged with surly indifference. "I dig it the most, pops. It's way out," he grunted.

He ambled toward an uninhabited shadow rimmed by some shapes standing in bony relaxation, drinking wine from jelly-jar glasses. He eased into the shadow and posed himself as though about to ooze along the wall. Hands began to pat a bongo drum and the dull thumps made him feel that a headache was rapping on his skull, trying to get in. He heard a drawly voice say, "Possessions heavy me, dad. I don't want to take anything out of this world." Myron silently nodded amen.

Through the slight blur still in his vision he could see that all the male beats wore open-toed sandals or grimy tennis sneakers, raggedly fitting shirts and clutch-canvas jeans that made their legs seem frozen blue. The girls wore sack sweaters and short skirts, knee-high black stockings, carefully uncombed hair. They seemed gaunt looking under their flour-white face powders and eyes heavily rimmed with black mascara, as if each one had just finished a draining affair with Dracula.

One girl was curled in fetal comfort at the knees of an angular youth wearing a black derby, who moaned and picked at a highly glossed guitar. Beside them, a slender youth, with scimitar sideburns hooking his cheeks, smoked a rope-cigar while paring the

finger-nails of a sag-breasted girl who was reading from a paperback book of the intellectual variety. Myron closed his eyes and trembled with hatred for his tranquil past which had deprived him of knowing such cool people; cats and chicks who dared to live and whose lives had profound meaning.

He opened his eyes to keep from missing even a molecule of beatnik experience and suddenly saw the beatnik chick he knew he could make it with.

She was short and chubby and for a frightening moment he thought she resembled his mother—but he immediately destroyed the thought by recognizing it as some Oedipal residue flicked to his consciousness by eerie excitements. The girl sat on the floor in a Moslem-squat, her long, black stockings blending with the dark to make her thick legs seem stumped at the knees. Thick, black horn-rimmed glasses weighed down on her flour-powdered cheeks. To the right of her, sprawled on some matted cushions, were three couples embraced with each other like anatomical vines. Behind her glasses, the squatting girl's magnified eyes kept clicking to the couples who were moving like lolling pythons. Myron quickly sensed that she was envious—and lonely. She was his—he knew. And he had a glorious edge. She was the only fat beatnik chick he had ever seen.

He crossed his fingers for good luck and casually slunk toward her, trying to concoct a magnificent opening line as he worked around a couple dancing to the wailing recorder, their narrow bodies like two cracks just fallen from a wall. He sauntered closer until he stood before her. Her face was without movement, and her eyes were rolled up like soaked agates. Not sure of what to say, he spoke as though his tongue was half swallowed. "Hi, doll. It's like crazy, huh?" She licked her lips and hummed, "Mmmm, like crazy."

He folded down to sit beside her, carefully bending his legs to keep the tight jeans from cutting into him and severing important arteries. The girl poked his thigh and pointed to a couple moving toward a partially opened door with a sign, "Unbusy," hanging from a tack. He knew the beat as Big Bopper, a youth who, every two months, sold a pint of his blood to a private hospital so he could

stock up on wine and marijuana. He was long and gawky, with crossed eyes. Myron wasn't certain if the body clinging to Big Bopper was male or female, though it resembled Bald Beulah, an exhibitionistic chick who had once shaved her head in an attempt to begin a Yul Brynner un-hair-do, but had only frightened people into believing she was an ex-Nazi collaborator. Big Bopper flipped the door sign over; it read "Ballroom" and Myron sizzled with envy as he imagined what they were about to enjoy. The stout chick tittered, "Crazy, dad, crazy!" Myron snorted with masculine appreciation. "Like crazy—crazy!"

They sat and didn't talk and Myron was baffled about how to begin suggesting an assignation.

Gradually all musical sound stopped and the dancing couples parted. Bodies unlaced and lay back. The stout chick grabbed Myron's thigh and whispered with religious passion, "Now, dad, dig this crazy beat!" He squirmed from her grip and was startled by a weird, hollow thumping. He felt his chest, afraid he was being sieged by coronary thrombosis—then gratefully remembered Gringo Bo's telling him about a new recording: the authentic sounds of a patient's heart beat before and during an operation. Myron leaned against the wall, enjoying the vascular melody and the sneaky way the stout chick was diddling her fingers on his thigh.

Dump-dump — dump-dump — dump-dump, the heart-beat sped, and Myron thought the walls were throbbing and the air vibrating. Da-bum—da-bum—da-bum—da-bum, and Myron saw the "Ball-room" door open and the couple waft out, looking like two badly laundered ragged dolls. Myron licked his lips and the stout chick began to rise like a billow of fluff, pulling him up with her. Dup-dup—dup-dup—dup-dup—dup-dup, the heart clobbered through the room, and Myron wanted to squeal with fright because the patient sounded dying—and he wanted to squeal with joy because he was going to make it with a beatnik chick. Bop-hop—bop-hop—bop-hop then the heart beat stopped because he was in the ball-room and the door had closed.

The small room was dark and he wasn't sure of what he must do. He could hear the lispy sounds of clothes being opened or raised or pulled, and then he heard a timorous giggle; he

remained still though he wanted to be aggressive and commanding as he had once been with girls before being psychoanalyzed. He heard her whisper but couldn't understand the words. He shifted closer to the sound of her, heard a grunted "Ooogh" as he banged against her and then a long "oooooh" of ecstasy. Suddenly he was caught in a flail of touching and shaking and he felt himself to be a ziggity shadow scaling to the floor with the thought that this marshmallowy beatnik chick was doing what pedestrian chicks did and letting him do what he once did to pedestrian chicks.

Suddenly, his face hurt and he realized she was biting his chin and he wanted to ask her please to stop but was afraid to blaspheme the beatnik rituals and be discovered, so he crooked his head, trying to bite her chin, but couldn't contort himself and had to settle for considerably nibbling her pulpy nose without displacing the delicate perch of her eyeglasses; then he stopped his nibbling as he instinctively jerked and wiggled while her thumbs poked and prodded into his sides, and he couldn't concentrate on pleasure and he thought he could hear the heart beats that were like black cotton balls popping onto his head and he wondered if a sado-masochistic technique would exhilarate her and chanced it by gently patting her. Soon he sensed her beginning to squiggle with tiny thrills and he chuckled viciously and began to whack her vigorously and she yowled like a kid skipping rope and began to whack him back and he wanted to complain that she was spoiling it but he repressed his resentment and thought that this was his apprenticeship to beat though he feared he would be maimed long before he was confirmed. Then suddenly, with tickling abruptness, it was over.

He fell back, numbly waiting to experience the emotional mutilations and splendid changes in his nature so he could feel vivid and sparkling. She had also fallen back, and, through the muted clamor of their breathing, he could hear her thrashing like some immense reptile, gasping as if choking on a half-digested lion. Oh, how he now wanted to talk with her, to ask if he had performed with beatnik mastery. But he knew that post-sexual silence was the ritual. After love-making, beatniks immersed their souls in the multiplex splendors of Zen to

transpose the guttural acts of flesh into great philosophical concepts. Oyez, oyez.

But he felt joyous in the knowledge that he hadn't truly enjoyed himself. Oyez. The lack of sensual pleasure was a triumph. It meant that he had almost completely divested himself of fleshy expression and had become absorbed in a quasi-psycho-Buddhist sort of contemplation that happened while his body, like a dying avocado, was peeling itself of fleshly lusts. If only his psychoanalyst could see the inside of his head now.

He just wished that his first experience with beat sex had been a bit more varied and depraved. So he could feel truly shamed; believe that he had offended the natural laws of pleasurable human endeavor and had gained the devastatingly happy complexes of self-disgust and intropunitivition. Myron sighed, feeling a soft current of sadness. He would have to do this so many, many times before he could really become a writer.

The stout chick said something—an indistinct noise—which meant the time of profound musing on universal truths was tapering off and soon they would be allowed to talk. Oh, how he wanted to talk. Oyez. She gasped another noise and he was startled to realize that he couldn't determine his bodily position—whether he was kneeling or crouching, huddled over or squatting. A flash of terror tore through him and he thought that he might be paralyzed—that excitement and apprehension and tight clothes had damaged his spine, assaulted his nervous system and he would be bedridden for life.

She murmured another sound and he wanted to shriek, "Shad-up, you fat dope!" but concentrated on movement. He twitched his fingers and wanted to yip with happiness. He felt a sharp cramp in his stomach and wanted to roar some laughter. He was neither crouched nor huddled over. He was twisted into a leg-splayed, back-bend sprawl with his head hooked onto his left shoulder. Slowly, he worked himself into a sane position and flopped onto his side, groaning, "Crazy, way-out crazy!"—then he heard her giggle deliciously. "I'm wrecked, pops, like real wrecked." Myron was suddenly slapped with the theme for his next story—possibly his first great story. Beatnik sex. An activity that had no kindredship to true sex. Beatnik sex

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was just a grim expression of an un-
sanctioned rebellion; a juvenile hos-
tility against society, wherein one
gender fell upon the other gender
in a vengeful combat, and if both
genders convulsed with ecstatic hu-
miliation—*voila*—immortal orgasm.
Oyez, oyez.

She nudged his leg and whispered,
“Mmmmm, I’m wrecked.” He
shrugged with blasé acceptance.
“Crazy, doll, crazy.” He felt her
shimmy against him and croon. “It
was fabulous. All I could ever hope
for.” He huffed in some breath, mut-
tering, “They didn’t name me Shak-
emup for nothing, you know”—then
clapped his hand over his mouth, re-
alizing he hadn’t spoken in Beat. She
tittered gaily. “I’ve had a beatnik, a
real live beatnik!” He squinted at her,
certain she was mocking him, putting
him down. She sighed another long,
psychically contented sigh. “I’m not
usually so easy to seduce, Shakemup.
I usually demand a relationship be-
fore submitting to such personal ac-
tivity—but it was important that I
have a beatnik.”

Myron put his hands over his eyes
and choked back some sobs of des-
pair, asking, “What is your major
at college, Miss? Psychology? So-
ciology?”

Her voice flattened with wonder-
ment. “Sociology. How did you
guess?”

He slowly edged away from her
and wanted to lie down and cry away
his despair, certain that his writing
career had just been destroyed.

Then the darkness was suddenly
lacerated with her shocked gasp.
“You’re no beatnik!” Dumbly, he
nodded and cowered, expecting her
to assault him. “You’re no beatnik!”
she shouted, her voice glassy with
horror. “You took advantage of me!”
Suddenly, his despair somersaulted
into anger and he yelled, “You’re no
beatnik either!” and she yelled back,
“You defiled my most precious pos-
session!” and he loosened his throat
and bellowed, “You lied to me, you—
you sociology major!” She screamed,
“You slob!” and he screamed back,
“You tub!” and the darkness was
suddenly alive with motion as she
lunged for him. He scampered away,
feeling a quick gratitude that she
had missed him. She screeched, “You
inconsiderate slob. I have a compul-
sive appetite!” and he hollered, “You
practically ruined two years of my
psychoanalysis.” Fists suddenly

pounded on the door and someone
yelled, “Cool it, cats. You’ll bring on
the fuzz. Get your jollies pianissi-
mo!” She stiffened, then hissed. “You
louse, you. Shakemup, hah! The name
isn’t even derivative.” Myron, with
utter and terrible disgust, waved his
hand at her voice, smirking, “Aw,
shut your sociological trap!”

He felt along the wall until his
hand touched the door knob. “You
stay away from me, you hear?” he
warned her. “You take one side of
the room, I’ll take the other.” She
gagged and spoke as if tiny rage blis-
ters had popped in her throat. “Don’t
you dare mention to anyone you had
me, you—you pervert.” Myron sud-
denly grinned, thinking that life was
generous and rejuvenating. Oyez,
oyez. His writing career hadn’t been
destroyed by this over-caloried pedes-
trian. His career had merely been
forestalled. He could disregard this
experience as some feeble trauma
hardly worth a neurosis and go into
the other room to try connecting with
a genuine beatnik chick. He hoped
only that he hadn’t exhausted his well
of masculinity with that sociological
obesity.

He opened the door and gray
shadows trembled into the dark ball-
room. The heartbeat record was still
playing and from the rapid boomda-
dee — boomdadee — boomdadee —
boomdadee booms, he knew the op-
eration was going full swing. Behind
him the stout girl cackled, “You were
an extremely lousy lover!” He
shrugged, no longer interested in her
banal existence.

Ra-bum — ra-bum — ra-bum — ra-
bum like a charge of feet on a drum-
skin the heart beats raced, and then
the rooms were suddenly rocked with
a crescendo of va-booms which ex-
ploded into a membrane-goring
scream—followed by a terrible si-
lence. Myron shuddered, writhed and
shifted spastically. The patient had
died. Myron felt his body loosen into
a custardy relaxation. “Life, life,
life,” he chanted to himself. Extrava-
gant, authentic life. Oyez, oyez.

He slouched farther into the room
to begin again his search for literary
and sexual salvation with a beatnik
chick—thinking: oh, you mother-
hating, father-loathing cats and
chicks, here comes Shakemup Loomis.
Oyez, oyez.

OO



February 28th, 1950:

The Day They Killed Cash

Jim Bishop; Reporter

Jim Bishop, the famous newspaperman, is the author of the best-selling books, "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" and "The Day Christ Died." He is also a widely syndicated columnist.

Cash, of course, has not died. If you think so, try doing without it. In my family it is used freely. Too freely. I have often asked my children if they thought I was made of it and, after a moment of hesitation, they have said: "Yes." This proves that the girls are either not very bright, or too bright.



Bishop

These days, I carry very little cash. The wallet has attained a slimness I wish I could imitate. It holds about twenty dollars, some color photos of my grandchildren, a reporter's police card, an owner and driver's license, a St. Christopher medal and a Diners' Club Card.

That's enough to get me where I want to go, and home again safely. I don't need anything else. I was studying the Diners' Club Card—a miraculous piece of cardboard—and thinking of how far man has traveled in trying to understand his own needs.

Not too many centuries ago—a slow wink in the eye of Sirius—there were no banks. Whatever currency a family had was kept in jars around the house. If the house burned, or was robbed, the family fortune disappeared. Then came the first private banks, and these economists charged a fee to store money for safekeeping.

It was not until later that bankers found out that money on deposit could be invested for the good of all, and that interest could be paid to the depositor. Some of these men, you will recall, invested unwisely in the years 1907 and 1929, and long lines of discouraged depositors stood before closed banks, hoping

the hope of the hopeless.

This led to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which means that the United States Government endorsed savings accounts and stopped the failure of banks. It also led to the cheap checking account, through which the average wage earner could pay his bills by writing on a slip of paper. This check was a long step in the right direction. It honored the signature of the private citizen.

Now we have the Diners' Club Card, which is credit carried out as far as it will go. It does much more than cash and has more muscles than a certified check. The D.C. Card keeps track of your expenses. In my case, the card does a great deal of accounting; it tells me how much I spent here, there and everywhere and it is an excellent record of business expenses when income tax time comes.

The card is nearly universal in its use. It can be used to buy thousands of items and services—clothing, dinner, hotel rooms,

boats, liquor, tires, cars, plane trips, luggage, stenographic services, recordings, cameras, fishing equipment, gifts, flowers—many, many things. Among the items it will not buy are a space ship, a dental extraction and a guide conducted tour of the Kremlin.

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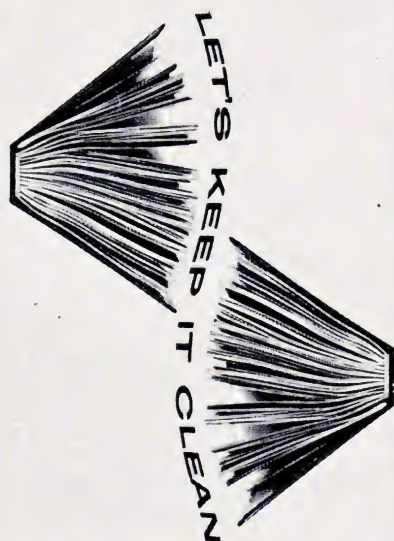
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WAY OUT WAYFARING

(continued from page 35)

rector" of all this, completely in keeping, appears just as stuffy as any English castle lord could be; try talking to him and you'll see, although it may all be an act.

Anyway, as the travel folder carelessly confesses, "Sweeping vistas can be scanned which suggest the untouched wilderness that confronted the colonists upon their arrival in 1607." So, the visitor can say he stood (with rubbers on, of course) in untouched (except for forty hurricanes, five sacking wars, and Time) Jamestown and keep telling himself about all that Atlantic-crossing fare he's saving. And then when he *does* eventually go to England, the whole thing will be more meaningful (populated).

TRAVELING WITCHES WEIGHED AND ALL THAT

Legitimate Europe obviously has some historical attractions of its own. For example, there is the Bavarian village of Neustadt, heart of the German wine region and a town where the Middle Ages just won't quit. In Neustadt, visitors are usually jolted out of their rented sports cars when they hear the town's noon whistle. This one doesn't go toot-toot, but blasts a fiendish and ferocious "*BAA, BAA*" all over the otherwise sane countryside. This daily bleat is a reminder of how the town was saved centuries ago by a tailor who sewed himself in a goat skin and pranced on the ramparts to convince an enemy that the town had plenty of food to hold out against a long siege. Of course, that's only what they say . . .

But getting down to business, the continent's singularly supreme unspoiled delight is Oudewater.

As any tourist who wants to be sure he is not a witch knows, all he must do is arrange to stop in this small town near Utrecht, in the Netherlands. In lovely but vigilant Oudewater, a custom dating way, way back provides for the weighing of suspected practitioners of the black arts, that is to say, those who have contacted evil spirits. The lucky travelers, those who are found too heavy to ride a broomstick, are given certificates which authoritatively assert that the bearer just isn't what people think he is, that he is as clean, man, as you or I.

But naturally, some visitors to Europe will prefer The Circle (the Arctic one) Tour, or

MAY DAY FOR MASOCHISTS

The Circle Tour starts in Russia, where, except for the fact that on trains plying the northern part of the country the tourist often has to share overnight his compartment with members of the opposite sex, things are frustrating and painful at every turn.

Still, for those who haven't *tried* masochism, a run through this wringer can be excitingly new and loads of fun!

The Russians are proud of their achievements and, accordingly, want to show them off to outsiders. But that's the trouble—you're always left outside. The restrictions are many and most harassing. In Riga, for example, just about the time a fellow might get something good going, there is a limit against lingering, which compels him to move on. Actually, the longer one stays in *any* part of Russia, the more he begins in official eyes to resemble, perhaps, a SPY SPY SPY.

According to the June, 1960 *NATO Letter*, a monthly publication printed in Paris, "the chief of the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries has published a lurid picture suggesting that most tourists from the so-called capitalist world are given a short course in spying, sabotage and anti-Soviet propaganda before they visit the Soviet Union or other Iron Curtain countries."

Withal, the country can be a great place to have one of those necessary-to-every-young-man's-education tragic love affairs. He can fall all the way in Russia and then flee with a conscience cleared by the convenient reality that he couldn't "get her out," that *he* couldn't stay there, and oh . . . that delicious pain.

When you leave the Motherland, do it by way of Finland, where cabbies will be insulted by your tips and give them back (in your face, likely as not). Masochistically speaking, once again, the Finnish equivalent of the Turkish bath features sound beatings of all patrons, accomplished by attendants wielding pine branches.

The final leg of the cold and cruel Circle should place one in the nasty Bromma Hotel, a 198-room barn, even if it is new, five minutes from Stockholm airport. At the Bromma,

it's all do-it-yourself. The hotel garage boasts a self-service car-washing machine, every bedroom has a clothesline to inspire travelers to do their own laundry, and a number of rooms have, brace yourself for the worst, refrigerators and stoves for tourists who want to do their own cooking. Actually, it would be perfectly fine for a Campfire Girls jamboree, but *they* must have disbanded by *now*??

The greatest pain of all will come when you get original and sneak a frenzied (if you stand still for five minutes, you will freeze to death) foray into Swedish Lapland, for the number of Americans you'll find there, in search one wonders of what, is downright revolting.

YOU SKI NEW SKI?

No travel roundup would be respectable without something for those strange children of God, the skiers. And if *you're* a ski-bum, chances are you're tired to tears by now of Aspen, Sun Valley, Stowe, Bromley, St. Anton and the rest.

Ergo, out with the new!

The Austrians, guessing that skiers become bored shooting up and down the same old Alp, have now devised a system to overcome the monotony. Cable cars in the Tyrol pick the skier up at the bottom of one mountain and take him to the top of another. In this way, he enjoys a continual change of scene.

But this is all certain to be old stuff by the time the AAA agents hear of it and the advance guard will find itself in parts not normally thought of in connection with tourist-skiing at all, like maybe Hawaii, Berlin and summertime Norway, no?

Norway's latest offering is summertime glacier-skiing up in its high altitude regions, where many of the glaciers are covered by permanent layers of snow, and repose without the danger of hidden crevasses. Several international skiing competitions are presently being scheduled, and it may soon be possible to those who take the trip to be able to glide through the snow and swim in the fjords all in the same day.

Skiing and tobogganing are now available within the city limits of West Berlin, where a 400-foot hill, made up of war rubble and built in the Grunewald Forest, has been fashioned into both a ski jump and toboggan slide. Those who are more in-

terested in the down-at-the-lounge activities will find a wide terrace, constructed above the outrun of the ski jump, which accommodates several thousand. (Those big Prussian bullies ought to be ashamed of themselves, competing with poor little Switzerland's long staked-out claim to this market.)

The restless collegiates in Hawaii have now gone too far, and revived a sport popular back in 1778, when Captain James Cook visited the islands. It doesn't come yet with a name but the thing is a cross between "skiing" and tropical tobogganing. You make either "sleds" or "skis" from branches cut from the broad-leaved Ti tree, then slide down paths kept slippery by tropical rains. "And when the sleds wear thin," according to one reporter, "well-seasoned bottoms still make the trip with ease." Sometimes the trip, depending on the "slope," deposits the sportsman in a mountain pool, where the thick coats of mud he has acquired enroute can be washed off. Well, it's *new*, isn't it?

HOLY SMOKE, IS THIS OCRACOCKE?

If anyone thought this compass-point compendium was going to deteriorate into the totally irrational, he was right.

The tiny windswept island of Ocracoke, one of the slender strips of sand that make up the Outer Banks of North Carolina, is a good place to die in but it isn't much for the living.

The sole income of the 500 people who live on the island is derived from fishing, but there aren't enough fish to go around. The houses are independently pointed every which way along streets of stomped-down sand. The dialect heard is not far removed from Elizabethan times.

There is but one store on the island, and, excepting the fish, everything it sells must be boated in from the mainland. A writer has said: "It is not the Bible that is referred to as 'The Book' by Ocracokers, it is the Sears Roebuck catalogue." There is no bank, no doctor's office, no jail, no laws, no *government* on Ocracoke.

There *are* families of semi-wild ponies, supposedly originating from some of the shipwrecked mounts of Sir Walter Raleigh's men. And the rest of the island's history can come in one sentence—Lieutenant Robert Maynard slew Blackbeard off Ocracoke's southern shores in 1718, in a

hand-to-hand duel which, Ocracokers say, culminated in the lecher's body swimming seven times around *The Pearl*, Maynard's ship, before sinking forever to the bottom of the ruddy sea.

One of the more positive aspects of life on the island is the Ocracoke Burial Association, a dynamic bunch that puts 25¢ the man in the organizational till each Wednesday following a death on the island, to take care of funeral and burial costs for the Ocracoker who's gone. And when he goes, it will invariably be in a casket selected from the huge permanent stock at the island's general store.

Young ladies on Ocracoke get courted and old ones do quilting, oblivious to the fact that modern looms have long been making blankets available for as low as three dollars in the rest of the nation. For he who likes to keep his women in the dark, then, the Ocracoke lass is ready-made. Indeed, she is already so much in the dark that nothing else is known about her.

Last among Ocracoke's undiscovered possessions is Quork.

Quork's Hummock, Quork's Pond, Quork's Point, Quork's Slew. These are all names of bits of terrain on the island. And if you ask someone where this word comes from, the answer you'll get is that once long ago "a man by that name drowned around here." The big holiday, and one on which, the islanders admit, nothing happens, is "Old Quork's Day."

When you put all of Ocracoke together, the absence of law and other unpleasanties would seem to make the island an ideal if-you-don't-forget-to-bring-your-own-rum place to go to pot in.

And in case you haven't noticed, going to pot is pretty much the vacation situation in general these globe-shrinking days, for travel, a noble pastime, once labeled as broadening, is now being thinned down to the pitiful state of ennui.

But, if travel you must, *why then*:
ON WITH THE TRIP! LONG
LIVE THE TWO-SUITER!
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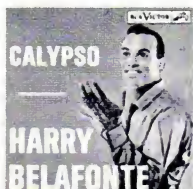
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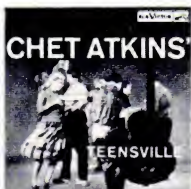
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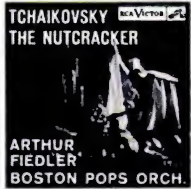
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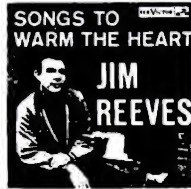
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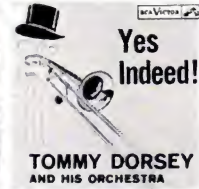
216. Hanks sings *Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, Blue Yodel #10, Roll Along Kentucky Moon, The One Rose*, etc.



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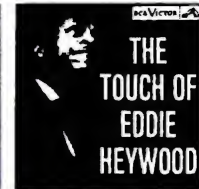
148. Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1*, etc. Regular L.P. only.



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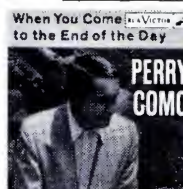
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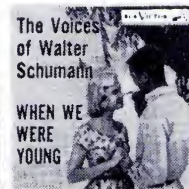
9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*



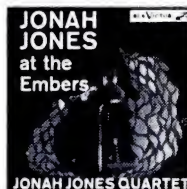
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DEVIL MAY CARE
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
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MELANCHOLY BABY
A MILLION DREAMS AGO
MISTER MEADOWLARK
MOON LOVE
MOON OVER MIAMI
MY DARLING
MY DEVOTION
NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES
OH SO GOOD
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP
PERFIDIA
RAINBOW RHAPSODY
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
RUG CUTTER'S SWING
SAY SI SI
SLEEPY TOWN TRAIN
SLIP HORN JIVE
STOMPING AT THE SAVOY
STRING OF PEARLS
SUN VALLEY JUMP
SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
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